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VERSES VIRIDESCENT.

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"A heap of idle rhymes,
Big sounding;"

BY

TIMOTHY and

CHARLES J. BARRETT.

3250 ea

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PRELUDE.

WHERE gleams the moving tents of night I stand
And see far off, the glint of drooping flags
Low furled and trailed along the shining sunpath:

I sing,
And every bush the song reverberates
Till I am shamed to silence.
Yea, a million tongues swell the canticle
That peals on every slope and hollow vale,
And rock.

All music mad the singers spring
On lightning pinions poised to meet the sun—
Then passes all.

I hear all this, and know that overseas
The tents are moving still; that overseas
The song is still prolonged; yea, never hushes,
Nor will ever hush, until the winds
Are stilled, and silent seas no longer sound
Their symphony!

The Love and Death of Hero And Leander.

A RIME DRAMA.

HERO leaned from her lonely tower
Beside which lay the sleeping sea;
As she bent low, the purple flower
Her hand caressed, shook tremulously.

To the casement walls the pale flowers cling,
Was not Hero sometime pale?
As now, when she hears the sea winds sing
The rhyme of a wave worn tale.

She looked at the stars, and the stars swam down
So near she could hear their song;
She looked at the sea that silver shone
Lit by the wet stars hid among:

"Under what stars does Leander stray
When tides tarry and winds are free?
Tides that ravish, and wind beat bay!
Bring my lover to me!"

No voice replied in the silent hall
No sound was heard from leaf, or tree,
No echo stirred on the mossy wall—
But a song came up from the sea.

FIRST VOICE:— I am the mad tide
And the seas all time I ride
With me is evil and woe;
I touch on every shore
And am with darkness plied
As I flow.

SECOND VOICE:— I am the sad tide
And the seas all time I ride
With me the pale ghosts row;
I gather on every shore
The souls of men that have died,
As I flow.

THIRD VOICE:— I am the love tide
And the seas all time I ride
In search of hearts that glow;
I find them on every shore
With fire their souls are tried,
As I flow.

FOURTH VOICE:— I am the birth tide
And the seas all time I ride
All that is I know;
I tarry on every shore
Till a new born babe hath cried,
As I flow.

FIFTH VOICE:— I am the gold tide
And the seas all time I ride,
And paths I have enow;
I ravish every shore
Till my greed is all supplied,
As I flow.

SIXTH VOICE:— I am the death tide
And the seas all time I ride
My summer is all snow;
I moan on every shore
And every sea beside
As I flow.

But ere the last word had been said
The maiden slept, and overhead
The moon had vanished; on the sea
The song was hushed, and silently
The lost stars sank below the rim
Of the horizon's concave, dim.

There was no shadow on the hair
Apollo courted, for it shone
Like sunset lost, and nestling there,
Curling upon the cool stone.

There was no light upon her sleeves
To show what in the silk sheen lies,
Where naked Venus, hapless grieves
At her false lover's coquetries.

Her neck with many diamonds shone,
Albeit they were but pebble stone.
And buskins silvered, used she
All branched with coral to the knee.

And many a wretched lover's rue
Was pictured on the kirtle blue;
Yea, I saw the cruel stain
That wept the souls of many slain!

And as she slept, a light stole out
From the barred window wistfully,
Rained from her hair where it did float,
And sparkled on the sea!

A taper burning over her,
A beacon in the night
Fed with frankincense and myrrh,—
Leander knew the light.

Leander fretted on the sand,
"Look, Sister! to the North," quoth he;
She turned her face at his command,
"A star in heaven I see!"

But Sisters of another race
Spake not, neither turned a face;
One did gather, and one did spin,
And one was waiting to begin.

Leander tied his angry hair
"Look Sister! to the East," quoth he;
She turned her face, but only sware
"A star in heaven I see!"

But Sisters of another race
Spake not, neither turned a face,
One did gather, and one did spin,
And one was pleading to begin.

The waves did wet his naked feet,
"Look Sister! to the South," quoth he;
She looked, and said, "My brother sweet,
A star in heaven I see!"

But Sisters of another race
Pressed their cold hair against his face;
One did gather, and one did spin,
And one was weeping to begin.

The waters lipped his marble thigh,
"Look Sister! to the East," quoth he;
She turned and moaned a little cry,
"A star in heaven I see!"

He cast aside his silken vest,
"My Sister, thou art blind," quoth he;
"Stars may be North, or South, or West,
But in the East, all heaven I see!"

The waters beat against his throat,
"Look Sister, to my path," quoth he;
She looked and saw the white foam float,
And naught else could she see.

In swam the tides from every shore
Out flew the waves to woo;
They pressed upon Leander sore,
Hell opened to his view!

Down sank he through the waste and foam,
And all the seas were rent;
When in the fields where he did roam,
He made this sore lament.

"Love led me here, yet Love is far away,
I Sestos sought, but won me Hell's dismay,
On this waste shore contented would I be
Might Hero come, and Love be Love alway!'

"On this dread coast where moans the
bitter sea,
Once re-illume Oh, sad Persephone;
Let thy great love resume its mighty sway,
And send me hence where Hero waits
for me."

Sweet Hero prayed the angry gods
To grant respite from death,
The taper glimmered fitfully,
She nursed it with her breath.

She kissed the winds that hurried past,
  Some on her breast had sank,
And rested while she spake them fair
  And from her eyes they drank.

Then heated by her glowing breast,
  They madly did assail
The torch that feebly did protest
  Lest their hot wrath prevail.

And when the light went out at last
  Her moans went with its flame,
And from the waters rippling past
  Leander's death song came.

And when the sad night was agone,
  Upon the wave-wet shore
She saw a face all white, and wan,
  Laid by her tower door.

She wept, she wept at Love's defeat,
  Tears trickled in her heart,
"That I my true love thus should meet,
  And here from him must part!"

Her silken robe aside she threw
  And on his bosom fell;
One shroud at times may do for two,
  One grave hold two in Hell!

—

FINIS.

IN THE TWILIGHT.

HERE in the twilight, when it is but noon,
Day of quick dreams, and night of misery,
To my sweet summer the closing comes asoon
And finds me naked in adversity.
This is the fruit of my sad foolery,
Too long I wandered the forsaken street
Listening to the play of that foul company,
I know it all, the bitter and the sweet!

As some poor felon, girt by prison bars,
Pleads with the minutes speeding swiftly by,
Looks out across the night, and sees the stars,
Never so bright as now—and he must die;
So do I now, in lamentation cry—
I am spent now, and totter on my feet,
Bearing my cross in hidden agony,
I know it all, the bitter and the sweet!

In this wise, I would hasten where love strays,
Over wan graves, kept green by memory,
Fain would I linger in the secret ways
That lead to madness, and to harlotry;
The song, the wassail, and the lips that sigh
Fall like dead echoes at my weary feet,
Leaving me here to suffer silently,
I know it all, the bitter and the sweet!

Julien, sore stricken, fainting in his woe
Casting his locks to every wind and tide,
Saith "Gallilean thou hast conquered—" all must go
Even as these,—for what availeth pride?
We are all dust, and with the worms must bide;
We fatten, and they feast upon our meat,
Misfortune is a steed that all must ride,
I know it all, the bitter and the sweet!

Life and Death.

AMONG the dusty galleries of the past
My thoughts delight to wander aimlessly,
Amid those scenes whose recollections last
Till Time is merged into Eternity!
Companion of my dreams, sweet Memory,
Mine be the lot to wed thee evermore,
As one who loves the surges of the sea,
Will dwell upon the billow-beaten shore.

The bees of Hyblas knew no sweeter cell
Than I, communing with departed shades,
Whose spirits throng the meadows Asphodel,
Or seek repose in the Elysian glades;
There warriors softly sheathe their stainless blades
Deep in the hollow galleries of Dis,
Where holy calms prevail, and naught degrades
The soul immortalized by Death's cold kiss.

What precious memories cluster round the tomb,
(Who lives that mourns not for departed friends?)
Sweet as the flowers which o'er their ashes bloom
Amid the tangled grass, which o'er them bends.
The flowers perish and the wandering winds
Their petals scatter in a roseate rain
Like kind words wasted, yet their perfume lends
An incense to the fire on friendship's fane.

And often, at the waning of the day,
Such wayward fancies o'er my senses steal,
And, musing on the debt all mortals pay,
Beside a mossy-covered mound I kneel:
What dreaded secret doth this grave conceal?
Where roams the guest, who left his mansion here
To moulder in the dust, and placed a seal
Upon the lifeless lips, as if in fear?

Ages ago the questioner of the Sphinx
Asked what life was, but only asked in vain:
The student at the fount of knowledge drinks
While life is left, but needs must drink again.

With parched lips and bosom rent with pain
He cries, lifting to Heaven his o'er burdened brow.
Unanswered must his prayer for aye remain—
The stars are still, the gods are silent now.

Is life the flame which lingers in the lamp,
Fadeless and fair, until, its oil consumed,
The dews of death are gathered thick and damp
Upon the brow, by destiny foredoomed
To perish almost ere the bud has bloomed;
An atom, on the spokes of time revolved;
A figure, by the lightning flash illumed;
Born of the dust, and into dust dissolved?

Or doth the soul released from pain, and grief,
Attain a state where birth and death are not?
Where, in Nirvana, blooms no lotus leaf,
Where pain and passion are alike forgot,
A clime where pallid poppy-blossoms blot
The bitter memories of life's sunless shore,
With life, though lifeless, sorrows enter not
Where silence reigns, and peace is ever more?

The soul lives on, when wasted is life's breath;
The soul lives on, though all this earthly crust
Is covered with the narrow cells of death;
The soul lives on, the body falls to dust.
Who dares affirm his Maker's law unjust?
Who dreads this earthly habit to resign,
Or fears with skeptic sophistry to trust
The wisdom of a Providence divine.

We worship life, and see our brothers die,
Yet think not of our destined end, in sooth
Men only seek their joys to multiply,
While time glides on with avaricious tooth;
And driving from our hearts the voice of truth,
Sweet passion steals the sunny south wind's breath,
And strews red roses in the lap of youth,
While love lays laurels at the feet of death.

But why should I in silent sadness mourn?
I, too, have long desired to lie among
The multitude who rest in graves forlorn
And hear above my head the requiem sung.

II

I, melancholy, bitterly have flung
  My grief on every wind with me to weep,
Aweary of the world when life was young,
  Nor dreamed of peace, save in a deathly sleep.

My soul sits silent, waiting for the day,
  Beside the gloomy banks where dark Styx flows,
When o'er the waters comes the boatman gray
  And bears me to Eternity's repose.
Who shall be summoned first to cross? Who knows
  Save He who is the warder of the skies,
Clothed in the sunshine that forever glows
  And sparkles on the gates of Paradise?

"WHISPERING MURMURS OF DEATH."

(AFTER WHITMAN.)

WHISPERING murmurs of heavenly death
  I hear in the voices of night:
The unseen choristers mystical breath
  Perfuming the star-haunted night;
  The light of a star-haunted night!

Footsteps ascending with sweet music shod
  And singing of rivers I hear,
Forever flowing, all knowing to God;
  Or is it the plash of a tear?
  The measurless depth of a tear?

And at times, a star saddened and pale
  Flits out on the desolate sky
Like the lily-white light of the Grail:
  Was it music it rained, or a sigh?
  A tear from the All-seeing eye.

ENVOY.

Who is it gives birth to the stars
  Our eyes may not penetrate, where
On the frontiers of space, gleams a face,
  And a soul is absorbed into air,
  And a heart is left empty and bare!

The Birth of the New Year.

AT THE CRADLE.

WIND and wet the wind with rain,
Storm and sleet of dolorous snow,
Mystical baptism of pain
In the mad night's afterglow,
Cometh to the sad Earth
At the years glad birth !

Not with light and melody,
Not with song or dance,
Hushed is all the minstrelsie,
Stilled the sweet romance,—
In the grave of lost mirth,
At the year's sad birth !

Only from a belfry shed
Someone (mayhap for a fee,)
Ringeth with a doleful tread
Bells that jibe at misery:
This is all that music hath
For the year's first breath.

Standing where mine eyes can see
My old friend's sad funeral,
Like a ghost that banished be
Shrouded in a marriage pall !
In the cold wintering
Comes the year's ushering,

Standing where my heart can hear
The mother's groan—the babe's cry;
Love the famished breast doth tear,
Barren is the fountainrie:
Cold the mother's dead face,
In the year's embrace !

Standing where my hands can feel
Want, and shame, and sin's glee,
Fire, and flame, and clash of steel—

Man ! where is thy charity ?
Peace ! let no one's lips chide
In the year's child-tide.

Between old time and the new
Hell, her portals open wide,
Where to all the world's view,
Truth is hanging crucified ?
God ! extend Thy arm's wrath
Ruin marks the year's path.

Drink again the wine distilled
In the heat of Man's hate,
Crowd the banquet, ever filled
Where the Prince of Hell sate ;
Proudly, too, as chief guest
At the year's first feast.

By the grave where Truth doth lie
Watch two Angels sweet,
Love, and Hope triumphantly
Wait the grave's defeat.
Roll the sealed stone away
On the year's birthday !

ORAMUS.

Our Father, on Heaven's throne
Hallowed be Thy Name ;
Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done,
On Earth, in Heaven the same.
Give to us our daily bread,
Forgiven be our shame
As we extend our charity
To all who merit blame.
In temptation succor us,
From Evil sway deliver us,
And all the glory win,
Ever and forever. Amen !

DEATH AND THE GRAVE.

SEE the shadows come and go,
Through the lattice, to and fro,
See them gather dim and dusky as a pall;
Flitting in the silent room,
Gliding, in the ghostly gloom,
(And the golden waters ripple on the wall!)

Hear the river, running free
To the bleak and shoreless sea
Here the murmur of the waters in his ears;
How the faint and broken reeds,
In their whisper, dying, pleads
To the wan waves wailing on the scroll of years!

In the dust above the floor,
In the sobbing on the shore,
In the golden ripple on the darkened wall—
Comes the night, its horrors blending,
Over love and life descending,
Cleaving to the dusky waters like a pall.

Star dust glittering on its wings
Trembling, breathing, upward springs,
Where its gleaming banner sparkles on the wave,
And the withered blossoms rest
Torn from out the aching breast,
And fall, like snowy ashes on the grave,

Let no sorrow enter here,
Let no stranger shed a tear,
Let no sunlight penetrate the gloom—
But the grief that has no part
In the dead or living heart,
Enters, where no grief can enter, in the tomb!

A DUEL.

THE mist of the morning hung on the hill,
(Yellow the leaves in the yellow hair)
Under the mist the heart lies still,
A shroud quick made, one grave to fill,
(A weeping wound in the bosom bare).

The dews were fresh in the grass last night,
(Wailing women the west wind grieves)
The dews were red in the morning bright,
Oh! Sorrowful Son, it is Death's pale light,
(The grave is red in the fallen leaves).

Red are the drops on the rustling leaves,
(Waving grass in the yellow hair)
Soft, and low, how the green grass grieves,
There's glittering drops on the fallen sheaves,
(A weeping wound in the bosom bare).

Dust and smoke in the frosty air,
(Wailing women the west wind grieves)
Under the mist on the meadows fair,
A wan white face lies pleading there,
(Cover it o'er with withered leaves).

A BIRTHDAY BALLADE.

GRAVE men, and fools, sedate men and merry
Who have played with me on this common stage,
Give heed the while, and let thy tired feet tarry
In the white noon-heat of our pilgrimage.
What goods are left thee from thy bitter wage?
Are "Erring Spirits" thy best company?
Dost thou grow weary at thy feeble age?
"Not I, this is a holiday for me."

Thus far have I gone, but still the ferry
Lies further off, if I read right the page
The gods have writ in that epistolary,
Which prompts me on this well applauded stage.
Ice has not chilled me, nor the noble rage
Which sometimes burns, as even now you see,
Bewails needs be thy scanty heritage,
"Not I, this is a holiday for me."

Oft has my hap, and haps are oft contrary,
Been cast with fortune and her advantage;
Witless I choose, and had but dust to bury
In some dead field where vaunted lay my gage;
And thou, too, halt, threatened by ill presage,
And now make mouths at thy adversity,
Well done, thou art too brittle for this age,—
"Not I, this is a holiday for me."

L'ENVOI.

I know ye all, and wonder not thy rage
At being schooled in such philosophy,
Learn from you to be virtuous and sage?
"Not I, this is a holiday for me!"

A Dream.

WHEN misery fell, like a knell that is sounded in hell,
On the earth that is cursed, since the first of mankind hither came.
Where Liberty slept in the clay that hath kept but her name,
Nor dreamed of defence in the tents where the desolate dwell.

I, loving the right, in the heart of the fight, with delight,
Where the heavens hung low, with my face to the foe, did I go,
Where the people were crushed, and their voices were hushed in their woe,
Through the dust, and the smoke, and the vapors that choke in the night.

At the hands of the slave, who is brave in the strength of his lord,
By the lip, and the pen, and the malice of men that are strong,
I was driven to flee from a land that is riven with wrong;
Where Freedom lay chained, and Tyranny reigned with the sword.

But I said as I fled with the scorn of the world at my back—
With the scorn that is born of oppression, of wrong and of crime,
I have toiled, but am foiled in my mission, my hope for a time,
'Gainst the scourge, and the shame, and the curses that came in its track.

But over the meadows where hover the shadows of death,
Where the stain of the slain has empurpled the plain, and the stars
Grow red with the dread of the dead and the fury of Mars,
Comes Pity the while to beguile with her smile and her breath.

Still, to feel that the wheel of the car that hath Justice for rider,
May roll o'er the soul that is bending the fallen above,

May beat with her feet, that are shod with the heat of God's love,
The angel that heals, and the soldier that reels faint beside her.

When the morn that is born of the travail the sorrows of night,
As a bud that is bursting, where deserts are thirsting for rain,
When its flags are unfurled, and the world all empearled in its train,
From such a daybreaking will Freedom awaken in might.

Still under the thunder, we dream of a glorious morrow,
When hushed is the rattle of battle, and murmurings cease,
When the sod that was trod by the war-horse shall blossom in peace,
And we dream of the gleam of the land that is stranger to sorrow.

We dream in delight at the sight of a vision so sweet,
Where no fear of the tear, and the bier, shall commingle with joy,
Where pleasure, a treasure that grief nor regret can alloy,
Is a dower to all, as the flowers that fall at our feet.

As a bird that is heard in the sweetness, the stillness of night,
Through the gloom of the tomb, through the darkness, and dusk of the graves,
The rain, and the roar, on the shore that is whitened with waves,
Is the whisper that tells of the splendor that dwells in its light.

With a heart that is part of mankind, and pulsates in its pain,
With a splendor of soul that is tender with pity and ruth,
With faces all fearless, and tearless, and flaming with truth,
We wait at the gate, where kind fate brings the saved and the slain.

Under the Stars.

IN the heyday of youth with hopes ascending,
Filled and lusty as each new day :
And never a pain or a sorrow sending
Its dismal heralds to daunt our way.
Birds' sweet singing on each young spray,
And never a croak or a tempest jars :
Till the frosts of time on our heads fall gray,
Then sleep we in silence under the stars.

In fellowship sweet with friendship blending,
The jester, poet, and oracle play ;
In youthful frenzy the passions rending,
In tragic pathos the muses slay :
Into the fields where the phantoms stray,
Down through the mists to the shadowy bars
Where the tired traveler fain would stay ;
Then sleep we in silence under the stars.

Death's pale feet through the sunshine wending,
Shadowy spots on the shield of day,
But never a gloom on the heart descending
As a toiler drops in the weary fray ;
Still the night comes in the old, old way,
And the cold dew covers the wind-worn scars,
Good night to our traveler weary of play—
Then sleep we in silence under the stars.

ENVOY.

On our time-trod stage, laugh while we may,
Life is a drama, man makes or mars,
When the curtain drops on the tableau gay,
Then sleep we in silence under the stars.

LOCUST BLOSSOMS AND LYRICS.

PROEM.

THE POETS DEFENCE.

NINE years agone, with the May-time impassioned,
Under the spell that a master-hand wrought,
Fell the first buds of my fantasy; fashioned
In splendor of rhythm, and darkness of thought.
Ah! it was Fate that the buds should be broken,
Thrown to the dust where the withered leaves lie,
Lost to the world as a word that is spoken
Under an Antarctic sky!

Once more I woo, in a still youthful manner
The spirit I loved when the meadows were green,
Fling to the breezes my golden-hued banner
Broidered with lillies and poppies between.
Over the waters that ripple and glisten
Launch the bark bravely, with sails flowing free
While the white waves stop their dancing to listen,
Charmed on the breast of the sea!

Regret, like a shadow, still darkens these pages,
Ghost-like and wan, like the faces in dreams,
Filled with the breath of the romantic ages
Chilled with the splendor of Luna's cold beams.
Only the sob of a self-stricken sorrow—
Only the passionate promise of May—
Only the visions that rise on a morrow
Darker than ever to-day!

Yet, if the world judges light of my venture
Never a sorrow my spirit shall own,
Careless of critics, and fearless of censure
My challenge is issued, the gauntlet is thrown!
Will the world listen, whatever the story?
Time will sustain us, if fame is our due,
Pass us in silence. or crown us with glory,
Pansies, or laurel, or yew.

So if a star was this moment created
Flaming and bright as the crimson-clad Mars,
Ages would roll, ere by Nature's laws fated
Men saw its light, mid the light of the stars.
Men may build bravely, but what is enduring?
Use may destroy them—in darkness die some,
What hopes are hidden within the immuring
Heart of the wondrous to come!

Why should we rail at a feather-like fortune?
Fixed is the fate which we each call our own,
Why should we murmur and madly importune
Heaven to keep us in sunshine alone?
Still the stars shine in the blue sky above us,
Still the rain falls on the graves banned or blest,
Foemen who hate us, or kindred who love us
Sink with the sunset to rest.

When the night comes where the past is forgotten,
Full of dead dreams, and of dreamers long dead,
Where the words of the poet are withered and rotten
As dust in the path that the feet of Time tread—
Let it be said, with oblivion pressing
Close on the grave where these verses lie long—
"Judge him not harshly, as one not possessing
The God-given gift of Song!"

Come Underneath the Locust.

COME underneath the locust tree,
The blossoms are a-falling
Like stars upon a purple sea
When mermaidens are calling.
They melt upon my marble eyes
Sweet tears and leaves a-sighing,
Not I that weep;—my locust tree
Is dying.

My thrush is like a singing star
That sings away the June,
Oh! star that sings, oh! falling tear
Oh! plaintive, weary rune.
Faint and weary I would fain
Sleep where the night replying
In echoes to thy sweet refrain,
Is dying.

Leave underneath the locust tree
My thrush has ceased to sing,
The frosts have chilled my marble eyes
And to my temples cling.
My locust tree is brown and old,
The yellow leaves are flying,
Even the stars, so white and cold,
Are dying!

THE WHIPPOORWILL.

IN the tremulous twilight, pale as the blossomless land of Death,
When the splendors of daylight fail, and the lips of the Spring lack breath,
The brows of the hills, green-crowned, loom black in the shadows dun,
And the hills and valleys are bound with the silence at set of sun.
From the heart of the silence falls, as a moonbeam slips in the sea,
Or the voice of the Summer calls, an echoing melody,
Filling the dusky air with a dainty ripple of song,
And the wild notes, perfect and rare, grow sweeter, and sad and strong,
"Bird of the dusky woods, mourner of falling day,
In thy leafiest solitudes what are the words you say?" * * *

"Alone, alone I watch the day departing.
Farewell, sweet day, and hie thee to thy sleep.
Above, above the timid stars are starting
Their watches of the night with me to keep.

"Alone, alone amid the shadows dusky,
Oh! heart of mine, why do you fear the light?
At dawn, at dawn my voice is faint and husky—
I have no love but silence and the night.

"The West, the West the gorgeous sunbeams cover,
Farewell, sweet day! Ah! sweeter things shall die.
Look down, look down, O night, that art my lover—
The night is come, and with the night come I."

And the song of the bird in the dusk lightens the heart of the gloom,
As an atom of odorous musk will cherish for years its perfume.
Now fainter and fainter it grows, like the light of the furthest star,
Till it melts like the Summer snows in the land where no Winters are,

But a flutter of wings is heard, and a fleet form passes us by,
And the song of the midnight bird is blown to the midnight sky.
The night hours lingereth long, till the East hath a tinge of gray,
And the sound of the sun-bird's song grows glad at the sight of day.
"Sing to us, O son of the night, lone watcher of midnight skies,
For the face of the East grows bright, and the dawning dazzles the eyes."

"Oh, dawn! oh, dawn! turn back, for night is dying.
Her death disturb not with thy fiery breath.
I, too, I, too, from sunlight must be flying.
Oh, night! my song is ended with thy death.

"Afar, afar, where giant shadows cumber
The solitudes, where sunbeams never stray,
Alone, alone I'll sink in secret slumber,
Till waning light proclaims the death of day.

"Oh, hark! oh, hark! the merry birds are blending,
Their carols with my soul's despairing cry.
Farewell, farewell, till twilight is descending—
The night is gone, and with the night go I."

GALLACH-NA-CUMLAUCH.

(THE HARVEST MOON.)

MY Harvest Moon, my yellow moon,
In the white waters languishing,
Stealing, where mellow sheaves are blown
By winds that woo the harvesting,
When all the wheaten meadows ring
And love and song careen,
Hear ye the joyous reapers sing—
Thou art my Love, my Queen!

To thee, our songs of praise arise,
Demeter brings her offering,
And all the sacred mysteries
Are opened to thy entering;
The summer winds a-westering
Gild all the purple sheen,
And all their starry treasures bring
Unto my Love, my Queen!

As one who dreams, and dreaming dies,
And feels no rude awakening,
Love touches lips that ne'er replies
To pale Diana's offering.
Endymion still slumbering
Still dreams of thee I ween,
His marble lips are murmuring:
"Thou art my Love, my Queen!"

L'ENVOI.

My Love is like the harvest moon
She comes when youth is vanishing,
The snows of winter come a-soon
And leave me here a-whitening:
Take me, my ripened sheaves I fling
The winds and sun between,
The ruby ear to thee I bring—
Thou art my Love, my Queen!

The Thrush Will Sing no More!

THE thrush will sing no more to-night
Above the lilies sleeping,
The thrush will sing no more to-night
The locust leaves are weeping.
I wait beneath the locust tree
Here by the poet's door,
An echo whispers mournfully
The thrush will sing no more!

The thrush will sing no more for me
Above the lilies sleeping,
White tears fall on my locust tree
The stars are always weeping!
Here, resting where the lilies dream,
Here where the tears fall sore
And vanish in the summer stream
The thrush will sing no more.

The thrush will sing no more to-night
Above the lilies sleeping,
My locust mourns her blossoms white
Her leaves are wan with weeping.
The lilies in their slumber stirred
Awake, the night is o'er,
In vain regret—Good night, sweet bird,
The thrush will sing no more!

The Old Year, and The New.

WITH all the glories that it knew
The Old Year dying lies;
Old Friend, we long have watched with you,
Now will we close your eyes.
Your place is with the fading years
In record, or in rhyme,
For o'er the dim horizon peers
The youngest child of Time.

Outside the door a little form
Stands trembling in the snow,
Unsheltered from the blinding storm
His face is yet aglow,
For soon the merry midnight bells
Their sweetest chimes shall play
That to awakened nature tells
The birth of New Year's Day.

The Old Year's face is wan and white
And pinched, and peaked, and drawn,
For him no more the rosy light
Of summer days shall dawn;
For him no more shall roses climb
Or violets touch his feet,
Or bluebirds in the nesting time
Break forth in carols sweet.

Good bye! Good bye! poor dying year,
Yet will we dream of you
And hold each dream forever dear
That with the Summer flew.
Go forth upon Time's flowing stream
A ripple on the wave,
Where wintry stars in silence gleam
Upon your lonely grave.

Come from your cradle, curly-head
Take up your scythe and mow,
Bring back to me the joys that fled

With glad years, long ago :
Come, for your rosy presence lends
A graciousness divine,
And brighten with your light the friends
Whose happiness is mine !

Bring back to me the sunny days
When all the world was fair ;
And through Life's sweet alluring ways
Bloomed flowers everywhere ;
When sweet the song the thrushes had,
When all the skies were blue
When every face was flushed and glad
And every heart was true.

But now, alas ! the skies are drear,
No ray of hope illumes
The magic coming of the year,
And not a flower blooms :
Out of the sky the sullen snow
Falls beautiful and chill,
Like whispers from the long ago
When all the night is still.

But fainter than the snowflakes fall
Upon the frozen fields
A voice, so soft and musical
The star-lit silence yields ;
A song that from the heavens came,
Sweet as a maiden's kiss
And touched my heart as with a flame
That brought unmeasured bliss !

And all the earth grew glad again
Once more the thrushes sing
As gay as in the meadows when
The violets bloom in Spring ;
It drove the dusky shadows far
Into the misty past
And left me dreams of bliss, which are
Too beautiful to last !

Oh ! fair Young Year, that I may see
Ere roses kiss your brow

Each laughing face that smiles on me
  Made happier than now—
Upon their paths in gladness shine,
  Bring blessings from above,
And touch, as with a light divine
  The lives of those I love!

BALLADE OF THE WISTFUL HEART.

THE woods are withered, brown and sere,
  The brooks through faded meadows sing,
The yellow corn hangs in the ear,
  And bright the golden apples swing.
The bluejay makes the woodland ring
  And eke the huntsman's hollow,
But days so sweet must soon take wing,
  I would that I might follow.

How sweet the forest fruits appear,
  The dainty frost grapes clustering,
Upon the gorgeous mountain mere
  Where chestnut trees their treasures fling;
And sun-browned children gathering,
  Make merry hill and hollow,
Oh! youth, whatever joys you bring,
  I would that I might follow.

If Autumn's season is so dear,
  Oh! heart, what song shall Summer sing?
The harvest time of life draws near,
  'Tis welcome, love is whispering:
The birds depart with silent wing,
  Farewell! oh, Summer swallow,
Until the winds be winds of Spring,
  I would that I might follow.

ENVOY.

Oh! life, what pleasure canst thou bring
  To fill my heart's sad hollow,
Since youth and love have taken wing,
  I would that I might follow.

A Ballade of Players.

TO touch with tender rays
The heart and soul, and spread
Their light through hidden ways
Wherever foot doth tread;
The joy, of beauty bred,
The scorn that makes men smart,
Despair uncomforted—
This is the players' part.

They resurrect old plays,
Old customs that have fled,
The dreams of other days,
Of maidens garlanded;
Heroes whose souls have sped
Out from the darkness start,
To paint the quick and dead—
This is the players' part.

What though no critics praise,
Somewhere sad tears are shed,
Some hand will weave the bays
To place upon the head
That brings delight, or dread
To all, and perfect art,
With nature nobly wed,
This is the players' part.

L'ENVOI.

Melpomene, long dead,
Once woke the pitying heart,
To follow where she led:
This is the players' part.

BALLADE OF OLD SONGS.

A GLIMMER of wit, and a dearth of rhyme
A catching air (as the people say),
Whistled and hummed for a fortnight's time,
These are the songs that are sung to-day;
But a song that lives as the echoes play
When the lips no longer the bugle blow,
Like the songs of the sea, that resound alway—
'Tis one of the songs of the long ago.

With themes that were old in Burns' prime,
And thoughts as dry as the leaves that lay
In the wind-swept woods, in the Autumn time,
These are the songs that are sung to-day;
But an odorous breath from the far Cathay,
Or the Orient land where the roses blow,
With a spirit as tender and sweet as they—
'Tis one of the songs of the long ago.

No dainty lyric, or verse sublime,
But a pasquinade from the latest play
Over the footlights sung for a dime,
These are the songs that are sung to-day;
But whenever the years seem to glide away
And we laugh with the merry Mercutio,
Or tramp with the Friar in orders gray—
'Tis one of the songs of the long ago.

L'ENVOI.

Life, with its pleasures, bright and gay,
These are the songs that are sung to-day;
But a sound from the lips that are lying low
'Tis one of the songs of the long ago.

A Memory of Tennyson.

BALLADE.

BETWEEN the day-star and the dawn,
Down rosy tides that fairer grow
Upon our bark by zephyrs drawn,
We reach a shore no chart doth show.
"What isle is this? We fain would know;"
The dwellers paused, then answered one
Soft as the horns of Elfland blow,
"The Valley of Avilion."

There gleameth many a fairy lawn
And happy orchards, row on row;
Rich beds of roses, lilies wan,
And fields of wheat that golden glow
Without or hand to reap or sow;
Dim vales the sun ne'er looked upon,
And streams that mirror in their flow
The Valley of Avilion.

In sylvan shadows lurks the fawn,
No bird or beast here feareth foe,
No nights advance, no grave doth yawn,
Nor ever falls or rain or snow,
Nor ever wind doth pipe, or blow,
Or blossoms wither, for the sun
Hath never sunken yet below
The Valley of Avilion!

L'ENVOI.

Prince Arthur, first of all that go
With those good knights, now dead and gone,
Here rest, for never enters woe
The Valley of Avilion.

To a Child.

A SLENDER voice in leafy June
Has first essayed to sing.
Lisping in childhood's happy tune
Delight with everything.
No sorrow falls on her soft brow,
No shadow lingers there,
For baby life is sweetest now,
And fair.

Sing, song birds, at the dawn of day,
Your loudest and your best,
Sweet slumber come at twilight gray
To give her perfect rest:
And all the zephyrs of the night
That through the branches stir,
Come from your haunts and bring delight
To her.

I need not pray that all her days
Should be like Summer seas,
And gentle as the wind that plays
Round fair Hesperides,
For angels guide her tender feet
Through meadows sweet with flowers,
Their ministry will make complete
Her hours.

Oh! spirit of the unseen years
Upon your wings of light
Waft far away the thought of tears
And make her future bright!
Beat back all griefs that loom afar,
Still all the sound of strife,
And touch, as with a morning star,
Her life!

Far, far away, beyond the dim
And dusky future haze,
If she should give a thought to him

Who now recites her praise—
It may recall this little song,
And, o'er her fancy throw
A sweet remembrance of the long
Ago.

The Love of The Irish Girl.

IT is filled with the bloom of her fairest years,
It is cherished deep in her heart,
And whether it brings her smiles or tears,
It becomes of her life a part;
It is firm as the rocks, that enduring stand,
Though the mad waves round them whirl,
It is ever as green as her native land—
The love of an Irish Girl.

It is soft as the dew on the morning lawn,
The tears of the Summer night;
It is fair as the rosy flush of dawn,
And pure as the moon's pale light;
It is glad with the musical song of streams
That through blossoming meadows purl,
It is dear as the fairy-like faces of dreams—
The love of an Irish Girl.

The joyous song that the skylark sings
Is not as sweet as her voice,
It has all the charm that the springtime brings,
When the crocus buds rejoice;
For the kiss of June on her fair face lies
And the painter, baffled, seeks
To catch the light of her sunny eyes,
Or the rose that glows in her cheeks.

From her own sweet island across the wave,
I would gather the fairest flowers
That ever a kind Creator gave
To that Emerald garden of ours;
I would weave a wreath of their blossoms sweet,
And place in its clasp a pearl,
And lay it, with my heart, at her feet,
For the love of an Irish Girl!

The Poet's Apology.

I CANNOT like Apollo sing,
Nor quote the poesy of a ring,
Forgive me if I stammer—
But what can you expect of one
Who never dwelt on Helicon,
Nor studied English Grammar?

In Poetry's enchanted wood,
I wandered in ecstatic mood
And often have I stumbled—
When, in the maze of mood and tense,
I fashioned verses without sense,
And syntax jumbled.

But still the phantom I pursue,
The siren song that haunts my view
But leaves my pages;
Ah! fool I was, to think my name
Would wreathe me in eternal fame
Through future ages!

IDYLS OF THE HEART.

On a Picture.

IS it some dream?
Or do I really gaze
Upon that face whose splendor might amaze
The worshippers who kneel at Beauty's shrine:
What eyes are those that look so deep in mine?
What lips are those whose parted sweetness seem
To lisp soft words of tenderness and truth?
It is the face that all the silence fills
As morning sunlight breaks upon the hills,
It is the mystic countenance of Youth!

Ah me! dear face,
You bring me back the golden long ago
When all the earth was bathed in Summer glory,
When a diviner grace
Lived in the moonlight, and the sunset's glow,
When through the twilight floated song and story!
You bring me back the fair exquisite gleams
Of beauty, smiling in the night!
You bring me back Youth's wild and wistful dreams,
The strains of soft delight
That linger with a radiance ever bright!

Fling back the curtains of the Past,
And let its memories steal
Across the heart; what does its light reveal?
Old days when sunshine flitted through the air—
Old nights, beneath the mellow Summer moon—
The sound of revelry, of music rare—
The breath of roses, redolent of June—
The ripple of light laughter—tender words
That came as softly as the song of birds
In the sweet meadows, at the dawn of day—
Then faint and fainter dies the song away,

And I alone in the wan twilight stay,
Dreaming, alone, alone,
Of every tender tone,
Of merry days, ah! now forever flown—
Forever flown!

But not alone I stand,
For wayward fancy fills the deepest gloom
Until, with memories, all the darkened room
Is bright with visions fair!
How beautiful! But oh, more rich and rare
Than all the visions in my memory are,
That face which gleams upon me like a star,
Surrounded by a wealth of clustered hair!
Oh! tender lips, that leave all unexpressed
The depth of passion in thy breast;
Oh! pensive eyes so haunting and so deep,
In which so many fairy fancies sleep;
Oh! fair round brow, as white as crystal snow,
Oh! faithful heart, where no rude whisperings
Disturb those thoughts—as soft as angel's wings
On deeds of kindness wandering to and fro—
This is the scene that rises, as my eyes
Rest on the picture that before me lies.

Turn, oh! my heart, turn, turn away—
Nay, do not look again upon that face,
For it shall ever share
Within thy soul a fond abiding place,
Unseen and unaware:
Its light shall come, whether by day or night,
Near or afar, a gleam of morning light;
Whether thy lot shall be
On land or sea
It shall abide in thy sweet memory.
Seasons may come and go—
The breath of Spring shall melt the Winter's snow—
The warm red roses of the June shall spread
Their fragrance round thy head—
Autumn shall moan above the Summer's grave—
And over all, the winds of Winter rave:
But from my heart, no flood of years may take

The dream which is to me all Paradise!
Oh! let me dream again of those dear eyes,
And dreaming, never wake!

With a Flower.

A BLOSSOM of the early Spring
I give to thee,
Oh! may its fragrance ever bring
A thought of me;
Not like its petals to grow sere
And fade to dust,
But linger with thee many a year
In deathless trust.

I would not with my verse intrude
Alone, unsought,
Upon the virgin solitude
Of thy sweet thought:
I would not bring such transient things
Before thy gaze,
But tenderly, as one who sings
A maiden's praise.

I would be happy if thy bright
And lustrous eyes
Should beam upon me, as a light
From Paradise.
For all the beauty that we know
Of that fair place
Was caught and treasured long ago
In thy dear face!

Not all the fresh and fragrant flowers
Of Spring arrayed,
That blossom in the woodland bowers
'Neath sun and shade,
Can boast the charm, the grace that gleams
Where e'er thou art,
Or fill, like dim immortal dreams
A poet's heart!

No other tribute do I give
Than this small flower.
But if it in thy bosom live
For one short hour,
Then will I feel that I am blessed
All earth above,
To see, upon thy snowy breast
This bud of love!

WITH LAUGHTER AND SONG.

(RONDEAU.)

WITH laughter and song may the dreamy days
Of youth depart, with its loves and lays,
The tears we shed, and the songs we sing,
Time will smooth with its angel wing,
Smooth as sand where the ocean plays.

Years may bring us a crown of bays,
But dearer far is the love that stays,
Though the young years fled in the sweet of Spring
With laughter and song.

"Give me the grace," my sad soul prays,
"Love that knoweth but Junes or Mays,
Love, that of life is the sweetest thing—
In the dusk of the last sad sun-setting
To greet the stars through the sunset haze
With laughter and song!"

RONDEL.

SHE listened for the coming of his feet,
The hours were changing into days and years;
The roses on her breast were fresh and sweet,
The roses on her cheek were wet with tears;
Her heart was full of mingled hopes and fears,
The guests had gone into the silent street,
She listened for the coming of his feet,
The hours were changing into days and years,

The roses fell and withered at her feet,
Her hair was whitened with the frost of years,
Her patient heart had almost ceased to beat,
The roses on her cheek were wan with tears;
She listened for the coming of his feet,
The hours were changing into days and years.

My Love Lies Dreaming.

MY love lies dreaming!
Let her dream away,
Thinking of me the livelong night and day,
Letting her thoughts float through the mist afar.
Ah! could I be where her soft fancies are
In that dear land of dreams, and all the while
Look in upon her, like a shining star
To see her sweet lips parted in a smile
Like a fair rose half-blown,
And know, that of her love alone
My love lies dreaming!

My love lies dreaming!
Through the Summer hours
The fragrance of the fair and blushing flowers
Floats through the casement with a sweet perfume
And fills the silence of her darkened room:
But, ah! that darkness hides a fairer rose
Than any that in Persia's gardens bloom—
For wrapped in beauty's rapturous repose
On other lands and skies,
Feasting her lustrous eyes,
My love lies dreaming!

My love lies dreaming!
Let her dream again,
That ever in her sleep shall rapture reign
And songs celestial make the charm complete;
Spirit of Slumber, may her dreams be sweet,
And filled with visions radiant and rare!
Oh! violets bloom about her tender feet
And let the heaven-born breezes kiss the hair
Clustering round her brow!
But wake her not, for now
My love lies dreaming!

My love lies dreaming!
Oh! for one soft touch
Of those dear lips that I have loved so much,

To look into the depths of those grand eyes
And feel that in their light life's pleasure lies;
To feel her head again upon my breast—
Her head that all the darkness glorifies,
And know as on my lips her lips are pressed,
For me are all her charms,
For trembling, happy in my arms,
My love lies dreaming!

* * * * * *

My love lies dreaming!
Never shall she wake—
On her sad sleep no morning light shall break:
Sleep soft, beloved! I linger here below
As one who watches while his comrades go,
Then, in the dusky twilight, flies alone;
Only the midnight stars my sorrow know—
The silent stars that on her pathway shone,
For underneath the bloom
Of violets; in the tomb
My love lies dreaming!

RONDEL.

WITH the first roses of the June to meet
As we have met, when June and we were young,
On the still meadows with the clover sweet
To meet you love, and sing our Summer song,
To part again, in days that lingered long,
To hear your footsteps in the silent street—
With the first roses of the June to meet
As we have met, when June and we were young.

Not this sad June will love and laughter greet
On the still meadows where in eld we sung,
All silent are the stars, but still I wait
In shadows deepening and crickets song,
With the first roses of the June to meet
As we have met, when June and we were young.

SESTINA.

THE apple blossoms were falling again,
We were lingering in the orchard sweet,
Filled with the quickening odor of rain,
With the clover low bending under our feet,
And the faint low hush of a night of pain
Crept through the orchard where seasons meet.

For we stood together in the springtime sweet,
After the fall of the Winter rain,
The day that was passing with winged feet
Had merged in a night of sleepless pain
That comes with the parting when lovers meet
Never to meet in the May again.

Still the blossoms were falling like whitened rain
And clung to the clover that twined our feet,
The word low spoken and whispered again,
The love tale broken by kisses sweet;
Ah! never a thought of the perilous pain,
The seas that madden, the seas that meet.

The years that have fled have worn my feet
And the apple blossoms are falling again
In the same old fashion when seasons meet,
And I hear the song of the rain
Sung in the leaves of the clover sweet
In a season of sorrow and pain.

The wet waste weather of Winter and pain
Is lost in the march of Eternity's feet,
Only to come with the desolate rain
When the dawn and the sunset meet;
So the clover is bending and singing again
And the blossoms are blooming and sweet.

Here will I linger, but never will meet
My lost love waiting in pleasure and pain,
Till the clover has faded beneath my feet,
Till the golden apples have fallen again,

Till the tired eyes close in the midnight sweet
That leaves her sleeping beneath the rain.

Oh! seas that madden with perilous pain,
White be thy waters with blossoms sweet
I sail to my tryst again!

RONDEL.

DEAR heart, I wonder where you are,
In what dim region of the skies?
That I might choose its fairest star,
And think beyond it my love lies;
That I might dream I saw your eyes
Smile sweetly on me from afar—
Dear heart, I wonder where you are,
In what dim region of the skies?

Kind angel, leave the gates ajar
That her pure presence glorifies;
Oh! breathless lips—Oh! deathless bar—
No ghostly message hither flies;
Dear heart, I wonder where you are,
In what dim region of the skies?

Oh! Gleaming Star.

OH! gleaming star above the hill
That ushers in the night,
You shone in radiance until
Earth glistened in your light,
You led me over hill and dale,
Through dusky solitude
Where, waiting in the starlight pale
A dreaming maiden stood.

Oh! star of morning, shining fair
On heaven's arching dome,
How oft, when roses scent the air
You led my footsteps home.
But oh! the passion unexpressed,
That set my face aglow—
The happiness within my breast,
You could not dream or know!

Oh! star that gleams above the wood,
Your dim light falls no more
Upon the happy girl who stood
In dreamy days of yore.
New Junes return and roses bloom
Like buds from Paradise,
But in the silence of the tomb
My lost love waiting lies!

Oh! gleaming star—shall I again
In that fair land above,
See past the clouds of bitter pain
The face of her I love?
Shall I there feel the perfect bliss,
Too rare, too fleeting here,
The love that lingers in a kiss,
Or trembles in a tear?

Broken Trust.

IN the Summer's dawn when the fields were fair
(Oh! fair was the face of the maiden),
Together they walked in the perfumed air,
For Summer was made for lovers to share
(And the meadows with flowers were laden).

For the sun rained kisses on the grass,
And soft winds sought to adore her;
The daisies wondered to see her pass,
And the meadows marveled how fair she was,
And the buttercups bowed before her.

In the fairy fields he has spoken a word
(Ah! sweet was the voice of her lover),
Sweet as the heart of the daisy, stirred
To love at the song of a Summer bird,
And the skies grew sunny above her.

The daisies withered and faded away
(Pale grew the skies above her),
He will never come back, all the meadows say,
For love is light as the ocean spray,
And lost is many a lover.

Hearts wither, too, as the daisies fade
(Ah! false is the heart of her lover),
Men may forget, but never the maid
Till the heart is under the daisies laid
And the buttercups blow above her.

There is no rose on her cheek to kiss
(Alas! for the last word spoken),
Their bloom has gone with her bosom's bliss,
And the daisies wonder how wan she is;
And her heart is well nigh broken.

* * * * * *

Over the meadows the daisies grow
(Ah! sweet was the voice of her lover),
Sweet as the Summers of long ago;
But under their feet the maid lies low,
And the buttercups blow above her.

My Love Lay Dead.

(RONDEL.)

THE rain was falling, falling in the wind,
My love lay dead;
A ruined rose and rosemary bind
Around her head;
And holly green above her grave be spread,
Her couch, with sun-born amaryllis lined;
The rain was falling, falling in the wind,
My love lay dead.

The starlight wandered into darkness blind,
Withered and palled, the light forever fled;
Watching and waiting, I linger here behind
Weary with waiting: Ah! on her golden head
The rain was falling, falling in the wind,
My love lay dead.

Heimgang!

FAR away the waters weltered on some sunlit sandy shore
(My ship was a-waiting on the sea);
Here the star of love had risen where no love had lived before,
When the tides were creeping inward to the beating of the oar
(And the fishers sailing homeward merrily).

Long the Summer days were lengthened as we lingered on the sand
(My ship was a-waiting on the sea);
And I knew the pain of parting by the pressure of the hand
When the night had come upon us, and we left the darkened strand
(And the chill wind a-blowing on the lea).

Love is sweetest in the Summer, but the Autumn brings delight
(Oh! the chill night is falling on the lea);
And the fishers sailing homeward in the Autumn's early flight,

For the Winter cometh early, and a reef is on the right
(Oh! the moaning of the white-lipped sea).

Oh! the passion of the Summer that lit this heart of mine
(My ship is a-waiting on the sea);
Mad'ning as the spell that sleepeth in the flow of yellow wine,
Hollow now the dreamer's vision, bleak and barren is the vine
(And the chill wind is blowing on the lea).

The words we spake at parting were never breathed before
(My ship was a-waiting on the sea);
There was weeping on the waters, there was sobbing on the shore,
Fast the wind was blowing seaward, which returneth nevermore
(And the chill wind is blowing on the lea).

Bleak and withered are the grasses on the sandy yellow dune
(The chill wind is blowing on the sea);
Where my dear lost love lay dying in the shadow of the noon,
In the dolorous winds sighing, in the water's plaintive rune
(And the fishers sailing homeward merrily).

Shall I hear thy voice forever, e'en when icy rivers flow
(And the wet wind is sobbing on the lea)?
Shall I turn my wan face seaward to receive the falling snow?
God! I weary of the Summer, I am ready now to go
(And my ship sails across the sunless sea).

MEMORIES AND PORTRAITS.

IN MEMORIAM.

SOLDIERS, who slumber in the sunless clay,
To whom no midnight comes, nor yet the day;
That thundered with the cannon of the foe
In far off fields, where winds of Summer blow,
How shall we venerate your deeds to-day?

Here, where the grasses of remembrance grow,
We wreathe with garlands those who sleep below.
Upon this day to heroes consecrate,
In spirit only can we decorate
Those lonely sepulchres which no men know.

For some in gloomy wildernesses wait
The trumpet call, and some have met their fate
Where the long mosses to the live oaks cling;
Where shallow seas amid the rushes sing
At dawn's first flush, or in the twilight late.

With sorrow, and perchance with tears, we fling
Upon your graves these blossoms of the Spring;
Roses, or lilies, and a spray of yew,
Jeweled and moistened with the grateful dew
That memory and love shall ever bring.

But sweeter than the flowers that we strew
Upon thy graves, oh! gallent hearts and true,
The full-voiced blessings of a grateful land,
That sheathless sabre nor the battle brand
Shall taint again those fields with sunset's hue.

In daylight dreams we clasp each absent hand,
And sadly stroke the faces pale and wanned,
Whose souls have re-awakened in the light
That fades or fails not, though the sluggish night
Creeps slowly on, like tides upon the sand.

Heroes, whose hearts were stainless as those white
Unsullied roses, blossoms of delight,
Pure as the pearls that Winter skies let fall,
Rest ye, until the judgment trumpets call
The dead from ocean depths or moutain height.

Rest on, for silent is the battle's brawl,
And white-winged peace now hovers over all,
After the strife, the sorrow and the pain,
The rest is sweeter, while we who remain
Regret, but not forget death's drooping pall.

Sunlight and silence and the Summer rain,
The leaves' low music and the song-bird's strain,
The grass, and buds, and blossoms of the May
Mingle with memories that forever play
A threnody above our soldiers slain!

SHAKESPEARE.

I.

OUT of the sunset of departed years,
With memories of laughter and of tears,
With crash of battle, and soft hymns of peace,
What star is set against the sombre shades?
Whose face grows brighter as the sunlight fades?
Whose glory age nor darkness can decrease.

II.

Born with the blossoms of the early Spring
His ears first heard the song the thrushes sing;
His eyes first fell upon the meadows green.
The April sun that shone upon his birth
Shone on him when his eyes last looked on earth;
And Stratford chancel closed the final scene.

III.

A child, he wandered through the Stratford woods,
Mingling with Nature in her solitudes;
Dreaming, and idle, finding boyhood sweet—
Until "Her Majesty's Poor Players" came,
Kindling within his youthful breast a flame
Which lingered till his heart had ceased to beat.

IV.

The Stratford forests knew his step no more,
He sought instead, old London's busy roar;
An earnest, passionate, reliant boy.
Henceforth his life was given to the stage;
And gathering the precious heritage
That centuries can rust not, nor destroy.

V.

Three hundred years have let their shadows fall
Upon this world, since mankind felt the thrall
That drew them to the pictures of his pen;
While other poets glimmered for a space
But passed, like planets, o'er the sun's bright face
Into the dim obscurity again.

VI.

Who hath not felt the magic of his words?
Who hath his music touched not, as a bird's
  Far distant song upon a Summer's night?
His characters, filled with his wondrous breath
Wither and fade not, with Elizabeth,
  But stay to entertain and to delight.

VII.

His voice is heard upon the sobbing seas;
Or weaving chains of tender harmonies
  When June winds kiss the forehead of the rose.
His terror mingles with the hopeless shriek
Of homeless winds round some high mountain peak,
  Wedded by frosts unto eternal snows.

VIII.

His spells have conjured spirits from the tomb
With mystic incantations, in the gloom
  Of blasted heaths, and hag's unhallowed rites,
His monsters creep from wild and sunless caves,
His ghosts step forth from their unquiet graves,
  And hell itself for him hath bared its sights.

IX.

His sprites have hovered o'er the soft sea spray,
And in dim woods his elves their antics play,
  The world for him was filled with fairer forms,
For him the heavens wore a brighter blue,
The secrets of the ocean depths he knew,
  And stole the thunder of the fiercest storms.

X.

His heroes stand outlined against the sky,
In ever-during flesh that can not die.
  They are not fiction now, but wholly real,
And those who once were kings, have been dethroned.
The voice and features that they really owned
  Are superseded by his new ideal.

XI.

And if our words could reach that distant air,
Where Avon wanders through the meadows fair,

To hail the dawning of his natal day,
The skylark, singing in the April sky,
Would breathe a fitter, purer melody
Than man's most loving heart could hope to say.

XII.

Though pilgrims from bleak lands and sunny climes
With studied treatises and polished rhymes,
Have laid their votive wreaths upon his brow,
On other shrines their offerings may be laid,
His chaplet is secure and can not fade,
Nor can they add a laurel to it now.

XIII.

Although the heart of England gave him birth,
His art was not for England, but for earth!
His words are treasured as a priceless thing.
In every land, regardless of its tongue,
The praises of its melody are sung;
The realms of thought have crowned him as their king.

XIV.

What has his life to teach us; Ah! 'tis true,
The master built far better than he knew.
He wrought not for the future, nor the past;
Each moment has its mission, for 'tis sure
That which is worth remembrance will endure
And all the wrack of centuries outlast.

XV.

The mighty product of his teeming brain
Shall live and flourish while the Summers wane,
Or Winters glide into the waste of years,
Still shall his mirth the multitude make smile;
Still shall his poesy the heart beguile;
Still shall his grief awake our saddest tears.

XVI.

Oh! stream that flows beside his resting-place,
That mirrored in its depths his thoughtful face;

Oh! turf that sank beneath his restless feet;
Oh! winds that listened to his words and sighs;
Oh! meadows, blossoming before his eyes,
Your memories are wonderful and sweet.

XVII.

Prospero's wand lies buried by his side,
In that dim tomb beyond the rolling tide,
That holds his dust until the end of time.
His words we treasure in our heart of hearts;
His fame defend we from all envious darts;
His name we venerate with faith sublime.

VADE MECUM.

(IN MEMORY OF BYRON.)

THE years are passing, ages go,
Man's garlands droop and wither,
The birthlight, and death's pallid glow
Their shadows blend together;
Scarcely a tremor of God's breath
And life is fashioned into death
And hell its harvests gather:
What time then, in the interval
Between the cradle and the pall?

In the dim scanty waste of years
Through history's gray space
Wet with the blood of human tears
And here and there a trace
Of fields yet green with deathless love,
We seek in desert, hill and grove
For one familiar face.
Ah! not on sunny slopes we rest,
For in the vale of tears our guest.

He that on Delos' floating isle
By Jovian nectar fed,
Blessed by the favored gods, the while
The choir of song he led.
Ill-famed, ill-starred, as Zeus' hate

Hephaestos felled, so was thy fate,
Even his lameness dread—
A child of misery and fear,
Thy heart a stone, thy smile a tear.

"Earth is a tombstone where we write
Our epitaphs in mist!"
A mad, wild tourney, where we fight
And perish in the list;
All in this tenement of clay
But sleep: beyond the dreamless day
That mortals never wist;
But in the list thy fame is won,
And on thy grave shines glory's sun!

What good, then, can I say of thee,
Courting no worldly fame,
Who scorned the breath of charity
Exulting in thy shame,
But this: the guerdon was thine own
And on thy heart the fire was blown,
Thy soul but fed the flame;
Not ours the heart to blame thy wrong,
The world is better for thy song.

On the Birthday of Burns.

WHAT matter if his fame be high
Or low, the singer's choir among;
We know that women's hearts reply
To the sweet magic of his song, —
And men, where'er his verse is known
In manhood's dignity full-blown.

If daisied knolls, or ferny dells
Could speak and we but hear their glee,
If wimpling bays and tuneful bells
Could ring their secret melody,
Then Nature sweet would greet the day
With glad acclaim and mirthful lay.

Then birch and hawthorne withered bare
Would list to hear the whispered song
That charmed the chill winds over Ayr
When leaf and flower and love were young!

Alfred Tennyson.

AS some grand soul upon a mountain height
Begirt with wastes of everlasting snow,
Still looks afar, where crystal rivers flow
Through meadows bathed in Summer's mellow light

He stood, and sang of every wondrous sight;
We hearkened to his minstrelsy, and lo!
We saw the fields where golden apples grow,
And beauty smiles, untouched by death, or night.

Beyond the shadow of the unseen bars,
Reverberant with breath of poets blown
Around the dream-clad haunts of sprits flown,
He still remains, his face among the stars,
His light as ever-during as their own!

To a Vanished Singer.

NOW we have said farewell
To her who wove a spell
Around our hearts, and with her genius brought
New beauties to old words,
As if the song of birds
Had touched her accents with a charm unsought.

When shall we hear again
That voice, whose perfect strain
Had all the mellow music of the lute?
When shall our eyes behold
The form so loved of old,
And hear soft laughter that to us is mute?

It seems so long ago
We saw the footlights glow
Upon the face that held us in its thrall;
It seems as if long years
Had fled since her sad tears
Had caused the tears from other eyes to fall.

But sometimes in the night
Those threads of lost delight
Come with the haunting images of dreams,
And earth again for me
Has caught the melody,
And through the dark a golden radiance gleams!

Remembrance with us stays,
Old dreams of other days,
Faint tones that vanished in the long ago;
Lips that retain the bliss
Of the fond lover's kiss,
And voices that we never more shall know!

Are all the triumphs fled
Like withered roses dead?
  Has all the pathos and the pain, the art,
Vanished into the night
As stars that sink from sight
  Leaving a faint impression on the heart?

Oh! memory of song,
Oh! voice remembered long,
  Oh! peerless face, as lovely as the day;
I lock it in my breast
Where it shall ever rest,
  Until the stars shall fall and fade away!

I, dreaming here alone,
Of days forever flown,
  Recalling scenes of pleasure, long, long
    dead;
Not hopeless do I grieve
For in my rhymes I weave
  A crown of roses for her golden head!

JOHN McCULLOUGH.

(OBIT NOVEMBER 8TH, 1885.)

I.

THE lights are out, the tale is told,
No more for him Life's stages,
The curtain that the angels hold
Has fallen for all ages:
He gained the height o'er pathways steep,
Where Tragic Art reposes,
His "life is rounded with a sleep"
And crowned with Glory's roses!

II.

His marble lips will speak no more
No strain of music lingers,
The sword, which once he nobly bore
Falls from his faded fingers:
Only the echoes of the past
Replete with tears and laughter
Within our hearts remain, to last
While art is left, and after!

III.

His genius hallowed every part,
Touched by his wondrous magic
The breath of life breathed through his art
And grew divinely tragic.
With solemn tread across the stage
Now march his grand creations
Some treasured in the classic page,
Some in the hearts of nations.

IV.

See Richard Crookback trembling kneel
Beseeching God for pardon,
And Damon's noble figure reel
In anguish in the garden:

The outlawed Cade, harangues his troops
And Lear, with frenzied madness
Beneath the winds and torrents droops
Filling the stage with sadness.

V.

Claud Melnotte, dreaming of Pauline,
And hunchbacked Master Walter,
While Ingomar, led by his queen,
Whose footsteps never falter,
Troop silently before the wraith
That crossed the sentry's vision,
And Hamlet, between doubt and faith,
Dreams on in indecision.

VI.

Virginius, noble in dispair
Beside his child confiding
Draws o'er her face the sunny hair
And thus caressing, hiding
Her sad eyes from the cruel blade;
And oh! his grand eyes glaring
When Appius, in the prison shades,
Writhes in his grasp unsparing!

VII.

Now brown Othello hears his bride
For Cassio's sake importune
And grim Iago gloats aside
Mocking his friends misfortune:
And Brutus houseless in the storm
The wrongs of Rome rehearses,
And on proud Tarquin's hated form
Invokes the furies' curses!

VIII.

A later Brutus at his side
Holding aloft the dagger
All hallowed with tryannicide,—
And mark this giant stagger

When from his brother's lips, he hears
How wife, child, kinsmen perished,
And vows to wet with bloody tears
All that the Roman cherished.

IX.

All, all are gone, and now we see
Grand as the playwright's creatures,
Divested of his mimicry
His own beloved features.
"Vex not his ghost, oh! let him pass"
Nor let our anger fret him
Though years may fade as sprays of grass
We never can forget him.

X.

Upon the lips of vanished years
Made sacred by his story,
That wept in sorrow with his tears
And gloried in his glory.
Still do we hear the piteous tale
That told of mind o'er clouded,
And watched his waning senses fail
In dusk, ere death enshrouded.

XI.

Within the depths of heaven's dome
Where stars in glory slumber
His spirit too, will find a home
Among that storied number
Whose names in golden words appear
On Fame's eternal portals,
And lauded by each chanting sphere
Unite with the Immortals!

XII.

Ah! not for him at Art's surcease
With not a care molesting
To pass his closing hours in peace
Upon his laurels resting;
But though to him this was denied
A richer boon was given,
To step in pride to Garrick's side,
And sit in Shakespeare's heaven!

CLAUDIAN.

(TO WILSON BARRETT.)

DOWN through the meadows, at the eventide
He comes, a wanderer, sad, and desolate,
The cruel heart that Heaven long defied,
Broken and humbled, cries against his fate,
Oh! bitter life, oh! soul unfortunate,
To what forgetful refuge can he fly?
Upon strange lands, beneath a sunless sky,
His bosom gnawed by Memory's marble tooth—
Doomed to see everything around him die,
And yet he wanders in immortal youth.

Gone the delight of living, gone the pride,
Gone is the haughtiness and heathen hate,
Into the Lethean stream where passions glide
And the waves murmur with forgotten freight.
Men live, and die, their children grow and mate,
And o'er their graves the lillies bloom and die,—
His pallid face the thrusts of Time defy,
His heart is worn with misery, in sooth
Through the long years, for death his only cry—
And yet he wanders in immortal youth!

No friend may ever travel by his side,
No maid to him her love may consecrate,
For him no fond caress or kiss of bride,
Or happy children for his footsteps wait:
Remorse alone is his confederate—
Until the lightnings flash across the sky;
The rocks shall open, and a gulf shall lie
'Twixt him and one slain with so little ruth;
Then may the winds about him cease to sigh
And yet he wanders in immortal youth!

L'ENVOI.

Prince, for thy love, thy hand hath put love by,
From this sad earth thy stricken soul may fly,
Blessed by the holy hermit's words of truth;
For One shall say, beyond the painless sky—
"And yet he wanders in immortal youth!"

ANDERSON AS JULIET.

A BREATH of sunny Italy, faint blown
From ages living in old chronicles
Sweet as the solemn notes of convent bells
That murmur in a mystic monotone;
The dusky shadow of that hapless twain,
Whose souls entwined, sprang to the starry sky
Still haunts the gloomy sepulchre where lie
The withered roses of love early slain.

But thou hath raised her spirit from the tomb,
A blossom, broken by the winds of Fate:
Again we feel the gladness and the gloom,
Where love grew, 'twixt the crevices of hate:
Ah! never mortal so divinely fair
With Death asleep upon her yellow hair!

AT THE GRAVE.

(W. J. F., JUNE 20TH, 1890.)

I.

LAY him to sleep, life's battles now are over;
He lies beyond the touch of grief or tears;
The rosary of years
Fall, one by one with those who mourn for him,
Hearts shall be desolate, and eyes be dim,
Wet with the memory of that absent face;
While thoughts shall fly across the waste of space
To where the angels ever sentry keep—
Beneath the budding grasses and the clover,
Lay him to sleep.

II.

Lay him to sleep, but tremulous and tender
A voice across the dreary silence falls
Until its tone recalls
(Faint as a song that murmurs through a dream).

The thought of him we loved, and so we seem
To listen to the voice we heard of yore,
To see the face that looks upon the shore
Where never sorrows come, nor mortals weep;—
Beneath the lilies in their snowy splendor,
Lay him to sleep.

III.

Lay him to sleep, and in the Summer hours
Shall birds above his bed a requiem sing:
And in the dusk of Spring
The violet shall smile upon his tomb
And sweeter and more fragrant flowers bloom:
The Autumn winds shall moan, and here the snow
Shall whiten all the sward where daisies grow
And myrtles climb upon each mouldering heap:—
Beneath the fragrance of the Summer flowers,
Lay him to sleep.

IV.

Lay him to sleep; life in its Springtime closes,
His work is done forever. Let us go,
For he shall never know
In that still tomb where rest and silence are
The light of morning, or of evening star:
The dawn shall come across the silent sky,
And in the west, the sunset glories die;
But in that grave no dawns nor twilights creep:—
Beneath the sunshine, and the rain, and roses,
Lay him to sleep,
To sleep.

TRANSLATIONS.

BALLADE OF DEAD LADIES.

(AFTER VILLON.)

AH! who can say in what dim zone
Trips Flora o'er the meadows green;
Where have Hipparchia, Thais flown,
Whose beauty none might choose between?
Where, where is Echo, ever unseen,
Though field and stream hear her reply,
Whose face was of immortal sheen—
But where do last year's snowflakes lie?

Where's Aloyse, whose love alone
Brought Abelard such sorrow keen?
Who, for his passion to atone
Became a monk of humble mein:
And in what region dwells the queen
At whose word Buridan must die
And sail in secret down the Seine—
But where do last year's snowflakes lie?

Queen Blanche, the fairest lily known,
Whose voice no siren had, I ween,
Bertha, Beatrice, Alice, own
With Ermengarde, what shores unseen?
The maid betrayed by English spleen
Whose soul from Rouen's stake must fly,
Where is she? Queen she might have been—
But where do last year's snowflakes lie?

L'ENVOI.

Prince, though a week should intervene,
Or yet a year, but this reply
From every answer you may glean—
But where do last year's snowflakes lie?

PSALM 137.

ON the willows that droop over Babylon's river,
Our harps hung unstrung, as for Zion we mourned;
And the Captain said, "Sing us a hymnal that ever
Is sung in the land whence your faces are turned."
How shall we sing when our hearts are exiled?
Oh! Jerusalem, know my devotion to thee,
Before thy sweet song in strange lands is defiled
May my hand hang in sorrow, my tongue tuneless be!
Remember, oh! Lord, Edom's children forsaken,
Oh! Daughter of Babylon, soon thou shalt see
Thy house and thy city like seafoam be shaken
And from thy warm breast wilt thine offspring be taken
And dashed on a rock as a payment to thee!

THE KING OF THULE.

THERE was a King in Thule
Faithful unto the grave
To whom his dying mistress
A golden goblet gave.

His sceptre, crown, or kingdom,
He loved not near so deep
And when he drank out of it
He could not choose but weep.

When death came, his dominions
He freely gave his heir.
Not so his golden goblet
That was his own heart's share.

'Twas at the royal banquet
With all his knights sat he
In his ancestral castle,
His castle by the sea.

There stood the gray-haired monarch
And drank life's farewell glow

Then threw the hallowed goblet
Down to the waves below.

He saw it splashing, filling,
And sinking in the sea:
His eyes grew sad and heavy
And never more drank he!

A Fragment From Homer's Iliad.

(Book III.)

NOW when both armies were arrayed
Each with his chief, the Trojan host
With clamorous shouts Olympus swayed;
The frightened winds fell back dismayed
From Ilium's fatal coast:
As cranes, when flying in the air
From wintry fields, now frozen bare,
O'er oceans wing their way,
Bring battle to the pigmy race,
Bloodshed, and death, and dire disgrace
At early dawn of day,
In silent march the valiant Greek,
Went forward hushed and still,
Breathing their hate, revenge to wreak,
Each with a stubborn will;
While over them a dusky vail
Of dust and darkness hid their trail,
As when the vapory south wind shrouds
The mountain top in misty clouds,
A safer shade than darkest night
For thieves who hide from day and right.
Now drew they near, now face to face
The hostile armies stand,
And Paris, of the godlike race,
Draws forth his flaming brand,
A leopard's hide across him thrown
His falchion's beaming edges shone,
With winged feet, he madly seeks
The doughty champion of the Greeks.

He, Menelaus, of Mars beloved,
Beheld, and forward came,
With angry strides, he quickly moved
As fierce as midnight flame :
Like some huge lion, who has made
Of mountain goat a prey,
Though roaring hounds beside him bayed,
And sturdy youths in vain essayed
He held his bloody sway !

* * * * * *

Entitled : The War Horses.

FROM THE KORAN.

C.

BY the war horses galloping swiftly to battle,
The hoofs which strike fire, the clash, and the rattle,
Against the hard stones in the dusk of the morning
And sudden the enemy strike without warning—
The troops unbelieving are met with the sword,
Yet man is ungrateful and false to the Lord !
He himself witnesses, greater his love
For the treasures of life than the treasures above :
Doth he not know when the dead shall be risen,
When the thoughts of the heart shall emerge from their prison,
That God shall discover each act, and each word ?
For naught in the earth or the heavens afford
A shelter unseen from the eyes of the Lord !

LEGENDARY LAYS.

THE BELLS.

I.

THE guests had gathered in the hall
To greet the groom and bride,
The pigeons on the whitened wall
Spread wings at eventide;
The lamps were lighted on the sill,
The wheel was resting in the mill—
For Christian and Annette,
The marriage feast was set.

II.

"Ah; children," Father Walter said,
"Be happy while you may;
Outside the doors, the storm has bred
And such a bitter day
I have not seen this fifteen year—
Why, 'tis the very night, and here
Sat I, and little Hugh,
And there, the Polish Jew.

III.

"The tale is old, I most forget,
You never heard it? So!
I wish I never heard it, yet
I'll tell you all I know.
The Jew, a stranger to the inn
Came in a sleigh, and stepped within,
And on the table roll'ed
A belt, well filled with gold.

IV.

"He ate, and drank, and paid his score,
Then passed upon his way:
We never heard, or saw him more,—

True, tokens of him lay
Along the road; his sleigh and horse
Were in the Vechem water course—
And that was all the clue
Left of the Polish Jew.

V.

The storm outside had magnified,
When Walter's tale was o'er
Mathias, father of the bride
Burst through the bolted door.
Was it the words that Walter said
That chilled his heart with boding dread?
What hears he in the storm
That fills him with alarm?

VI.

The welcome hushed on every tongue
And words were spoken low,
As he aside the curtains flung
And peered across the snow;
"Some fancy in my memory dwells,
I thought I heard the sound of bells!
Yet nobody could ride
With such a storm outside.

VII.

"To-day, at Rebauville I saw
A mesmerist from France,
He palters with some hellish law
And throws one in a trance,
And once his victim fast asleep
No secret can his conscience keep:
Ha! Ha! He could not find
The secrets in my mind!"

VIII.

The last good-night was said by all,
The wind made wail and moan,
The dim fire flickered on the wall,
Mathias was alone,

"I sleep alone to-night, and here,
So what I dream shall reach no ear
And if I speak in sleep
The walls shall silence keep."

IX.

He slept, but his tormented soul
Was quickened by his sin;
Up from his couch, unseen, he stole,
The moonlight shone within;
He heard strange voices at the door
The lock was forced, and there, before
His fear-distended eyes
The mesmerist did rise!

X.

"Sleep, Mathias," the wizard said,
"Then have I power to draw
Out of thy soul its secret dread,
Thou must obey the law!"
"I will not sleep,—thy power is hell!
Help! Christian, help! I will not tell,
Oh! blessed angels keep
My soul from his dark sleep!"

XI.

"Tell what thou knowest, wretched man,
Tell how thou kill'st the Jew;"
And thus the sleeping man began
While all around him drew
Strange shapes, and shadows, from the grave,
The death-lights on their foreheads wave—
About their feet, the gloom
That shrouds them in the tomb!

XII.

"I saw the Jew pass by my door,
I knew he carried gold,
He was so rich—and I so poor,
My envy made me bold:

His gold would pay my heavy debt
And be a dower for Annette—
My guardian angel slept,
And down the road I crept.

XIII.

" Come, Mathias, and wilt thou slay
The stranger at thy door?
Then thy immortal soul for aye
Is slain for evermore :—
Delay, my feet,—and sink, oh! bridge—
The bells have passed beyond the ridge,
The sleigh is safely past,
Thank God! at last, at last."

XIV.

" No, no; he winds below the hill
His bells the echos wake,
Hurry, Mathias, to the mill,
Why, thou'rt a child to shake :
Thou wilt be rich—thou wilt be great,
Thy mill will bring thee no estate,
There is no one to see
To bring it home to thee!"

XV.

The snows beneath the moonbeams shone
And glowed like silver dew.
The icy wind made wail and moan
About the luckless Jew :
" Go out—go out, thou moonlight dim,
Stars, hide thy fatal fires from him,
The bells—the bells I hear,
And hell is yawning near!

XVI.

" Be strong, my arm, and serve me well,
My knife be sharp and keen ;
Come steel my heart, ye imps of hell
That naught may stand between

My fond desires, and his gold red,
His dust shall mingle with the dead ;
Quick, ere he turns his eye—
Ha ! Jew, I have thee, die !

XVII.

" No human eye the murder saw.
His heart is cold and still ;
But where to hide the body—Ha !
The lime-kiln by the mill :
To-night I burn a kiln of lime
'Twill hide all traces of my crime—
Across the bloody snow
With dizzy steps, I go ! "

XVIII.

" What makes the dogs howl so to-night ?
Can they follow up the dead ?
What makes the sky so flaming bright—
The hills so bloody red ?
Is death in league with hell and night
To show the dead to the world's light ?
Quick, or the night will flee
And all the world will see !

XIX.

" The burning pit is reached at last,
The door is opened wide,
Into the fire, Jew ! go fast,
There's plenty room inside.
Thou never had'st so warm a bed,—
Burn faster—ha ! he turns his head,
What ! can the dead arise ?
Oh, God ! those eyes ! those eyes !

XX.

" Hell flames are quivering in my veins,
Oh God ! Thy mercy show ; "
" Think not that he will quit thy pains
Thy soul must suffer woe.

Awake, thy conscience will appeal,
And if thou sleep, thou may'st reveal."
" No, no, Mathias, do not sleep,
Thy guilty conscience keep.

XXI.

" You cannot hang me for a dream,
Help! Christian, you can save;
I do not speak in sleep, you seem
To think I'll mercy crave.
The bells! those damned bells again,
Help! Christian, or I shall be slain;
The hangman's hand—no hope—
Oh! Christian, cut the rope!"

* * * * * *

XXII.

The white light of the morning spread
And touched the sleeper's eyes;
It moved across his fallen head
But he never saw it rise.
The bells no longer haunt his ears,
No spectre to his eye appears,
He, rest at last has found
Beyond all earthly sound!

LILITH.

(A LEGEND.)

LONG years ago, in the heart of France,
Where the Rhone wanders to the sea,
Through regions rich with old romance
And tales of chivalry.

There dwelt two brothers, such a life
As nuns who in sweet concord dwell,
For not the shadow of a strife
Upon their moments fell.

Gaston, the elder, ever sought
The sweet content that study brings,
But Louis, lighter hearted, thought
Of more alluring things.

Gaston had felt a woman's wiles,
For one to whom his troth was plight
Bestowed on him but faithless smiles
And fled, ere her wedding night.

And so he railed at womankind,
Striving to keep his brother's heart
Free from all passion, being blind
To all, save his own smart;

And prophesied, if ever should
A time come when he should grow fond
Of some fair woman's face, it would
Break their fraternal bond.

And the days sped until their came
A lovely maiden to the town,
Who in the young heart lit the flame
His brother could not drown.

Her face enraptured with delight
The youth, but well might he despair
Of finding favor in her sight;
And she had wondrous hair.

Gold as the golden flame that flies
  Before the dawn, the tawny hue
That in the hearts of lilies lies
  Where Summer breezes woo!

And ever wore a golden snake
  About her yellow tresses curled;
And Louis felt, for her dear sake,
  He would forswear the world!

And talked of her, nor would be stilled,
  Until Gaston, to madness stirred,
Declared his prophecy fulfilled,
  And left without a word.

He had not seen the maiden yet,
  And of her beauty knew no more
Than one who hears far off the fret
  Of waters on the shore.

And day by day did Louis pray
  That she the marriage day would set,
But to his prayers she answered, "Nay—
  The time has not come yet."

* * * * *

She came on Gaston in the wood.
  Back from his brows the locks he flung
And gazed upon her; then he stood
  As if by serpent stung.

Some potent witchery in her eyes
  Enchanted him, and, trembling there,
He wondered if in Paradise
  Dwelt spirits quite so fair.

And from that hour he was her slave;
  From his old comrades walked apart,
And people said, "And hear him rave;
  Now he hath lost his heart!"

But yet for all the love he bore
  His face grew haggard, and his eyes,
And his companions marveled more,
  Winning so rich a prize.

And Louis cried, "You would not wed—
  You, that the name of women hate;
Why come between us now?" He said:
  "I must—it is my fate."

One wise old friar said, "Beware!
  This woman's love will blight your life;
A curse is on her golden hair—
  'Tis *Lilith, Adam's wife.*"

And cited many an ancient tale
  How many youths her charms destroyed.
But tears or prayers could not avail—
  His love she still enjoyed.

So they were wed, and to his house
  They walked together, side by side,
And never under woodland boughs
  Had passed so fair a bride.

* * * * *

Some say that from the silent wood
  That night a wolf in madness fled;
Next morning in the solitude
  They found young Gaston dead!

And no man saw the bride depart—
  So tender cruel, yet so fair:
But fast around her husband's heart
  Was twined a golden hair.

Orpheus and Eurydice.

EURYDICE had left her lord
And by her bier in grief he said,
"What joy can this bleak world afford
Since she is numbered with the dead;
And since with Pluto she is wed
To his dark regions will I flee
And ask her life, now forfeited,
My love, my lost Eurydice."

In sadness wanders Orpheus.
"Oh! whither wandereth my fair,
My lyre is mute, and must I thus
Dwell evermore in my despair?
Oh! mountains wake in numbers rare,
Oh! fragrant meadows moan with me,
Your song may sound in that far air
To greet my love, Eurydice."

He took his harp upon his arm
By Acheron he 'gan to play,
With music sweet he sought to charm
The surly boatman, but the gray
Old Charon bore him o'er the spray
That splashed on Orcus dismally;
Where in a dream the dogs-heads lay
Enravished by the melody.

Dark Pluto sat upon his throne,
Beside him fair Persephone;
And at his feet the Furies moan—
Wringing their locks, that serpents be.
He stood before him fearlessly;
"I sought these dreary realms below
To find my love Eurydice.
In pity give her leave to go."

He tuned his harp and touched a chord
And lo! awoke such harmony
That even Cerberus, abhorred,
Fell at his feet: the Furies three

Wept at the doleful symphony.
  Poor Tantalus forgot his thirst;
Then ceased Ixion's misery
  And respite came to all accursed.

She took a wreath of asphodel
  And bound it to her flowing hair,
And through the fields she knew so well
  Her lord she followed (happy pair),
Dark Pluto sat within his lair
  Still musing on the music strange,
And marvelling that man should dare
  For love's sake through his regions range.

So Orpheus with fleet foot sped
  Across the fields, Eurydice
Still followed where her lover led,
  As twilight comes across the lea,
One look behind, ah, misery!
  That one fond look has said farewell,
Around her heart Persephone
  Hath bound the fatal asphodel!

* * * * * *

Still on the grassy hill of Thrace
  His spirit wanders constantly,
And every dell and secret place
  Still echoes with his melody;
The wind upon each cypress tree
  Still moaneth for his absent mate,
The lilies call "Eurydice,"
  The myrtles mourn disconsolate.

Upon the mead of asphodel
  She plucks the flowers, one by one,
She dreameth of his golden shell
  And of the magic spell he spun
About the gods. But all is done,
  Alone she wanders on the lea,
Or sits, by wailing Acheron,
  Alas! alas! Eurydice.

IDEAL AND REAL.

The King's Sacrifice.

THE land it was stricken with sorrow
And swept by the sword of the foe
And the King sat in his palace
With forehead bowed low.
But the Poet sang in the morning
So sweet and so strong
That the daisies came from the meadows
To list to his song!
Of love, and of life, and of death,
Of flame, and the battle's breath
Of riot and wrong!

With clangor of gun and of cannon
Came the foe
(And the King sat in his palace
With forehead bowed low);
While the red hand of the foeman
Spared neither the man or the woman
From soldier to chief,
Spared neither the youth or the maiden
Till the heart of the country was laden
With sorrow and grief,
And the women were all arrayed in
The garments of grief.

"Let us go out," said the Poet
"And open the heart of the King,
Let us go out in the city
Where I may sing."
Oh! he sang in the sweet Spring weather
As the stars when they sang together,
Before the first sweet Spring.
And the King grieved while he listened
The tears in the Poet's eyes glistened
"Farewell," said the King.

Out went the singer of sorrows
From the halls of the King to the foe,
Where he sang unheard and unhonored
And died in his woe!
Died as the lips of the Summer
Felt the last kiss of the Spring,
"Will his voice be with us forever?"
Mused the King.

But his soul went out as the sunlight
On the calm of the charmed wave,
Hearing the weeping of waters
Over the singer's grave.
And the wind, and the water, and rain
Fell on the forehead of pain
Hearing the wailing of waters
On the dust of the singer's grave.

There—where the roses are sweetest,
There—whence the Summers have sped
Into the gloom of the desert
With dew on the face of the dead—
Linger the sorrowful hours
Chilled with the cold breath of flowers
Under his head.

The wild hoof of the foeman
Stopped at the Poet's door
And then fled away, and no man
Saw them more!
Sweet smiles replaced the shadows,
The flowers bloomed in the meadows
And the sea laughed on the shore,
"They have fled forever from us;
Will the King keep his promise
And the lost song restore?"

But the King beckoned low to a beggar
And stepped from his palace and throne,
Out on the sands of the desert
And this was his moan:
"Hills levelled low with the rain,

Fields filled with the ghosts of the slain
Whose spirits no god can recall,
And death, universal again,
This is the end of all!"

EXTRA MUROS.

THE fresh bud opening on the oak
"*I am*," said to the tree;
The withered leaf more subtly spoke
"*I was*, and yet will be."

Behind the bars I found my soul
In iron walls confined,
There were three reasons for my dole;
I thought I heard my mind

Cry out from up the walled tower
"Come in, I left you free,
Come in, and I will give you power
Worth more than reasons three."

Up to the fortress strong I crept;
A thousand leagues stretched clear
Its walls impregnable. I wept;
The taunting walls did hear.

But through the stones, and o'er the stones,
And under stones and all,
The Mind cried out, "to follow me
Be ready at my call!

"For I a pilgrimage will go
To her serene abode
Farther than thought may penetrate
O'er many a starry road."

And as the echoes died away
The grasses at my feet
Cried out, "Truth bides with us alway,
Here are her altars sweet.

And ours the revelation book
  Shut by the heedless throng:
The folded buds in rapture shook
  And blossomed into song!

All things inanimate that sleep
  On earth, or star, or sea,
Are but the silent tongues of Truth
  And sing its harmony.

My grosser part is but a dream
  The sleeping soul endures,
Which, when awake, for her fair sake
  To brighter paths allures.

With blossom sweet, your song I greet
  And Life's draught drink again,
Nor hide your grief, pale withered leaf,
  Death is not always pain!"

All things inanimate that are
  In the still depths of sea,
In sullen earth, or distant star,
  But sing its harmony!

The Poet's Paradise.

YE, that have drank the waters sweet,
Ye that have sipped the sacred rill
That flowed from Heliconian hill—
For you I write, 'tis you I greet.

On wings of fancy let me soar
And to their altars incense bring :
Come, waft me to that sunlit shore
That I, another wreath may ring

To weave around your temples fair
Crowned with the roses of the years,
The joys, the gloom, the smiles, the tears,
That youth and age, have planted there.

The strains of passion, sighs of love
In ancient halls by minstrels sung
In every age their notes are rung—
In every voice we hear them move.

Down through the fields of space and time
The cadence of their music rolls,
Like echoes breaking on the shoals
Where sea-waves end their rolling rhyme.

The mosses moan above their graves—
Below, they sleep in sacred dust ;
Their voiceless lips in silence rust,
Once tuneful as the tossing waves.

Some sleep beneath the sylvan shade
Where golden waters sparkle free
Where night winds linger ere they flee
Into the dark and lonely glade.

Where shadows float, and sunbeams stray,
Where singing fountains dance along,
Where, in the dreamy haunts of song
Sweet music clings to every spray!

And some, beneath the light of Mars
Are folded in eternal snows,
Their white cheeks set in rigid throes,
In muteness pleading with the stars.

Some, neath the city's busy tread
Have found a resting place at last,
Where pilgrims gather, thick and fast
To sing a pæan o'er each head.

But all sleep, soothed by that sweet thought
That through the isles of Nature rang;
It is the fame that Shakespeare sang!
It is the peace that Homer sought!

THE POET.

WITHIN a land of dreams the poet dwells,
Whose skies are shaped with his imaginings
That have no form, save that which swiftly springs
From out the heart that worketh miracles:
For every object that he touches, tells
Of his strange soul, that floats on fleecy wings
Breathing delights with airy whisperings
As the sea's voice lives in its chanting shells.

Singer of songs most sorrowful, or gay,
Sweet as the breath of roses, light as air
Filled with the grace that summer meadows wear,
Perchance of such brief beauty—who can say?
The stars that looked on Homer still are fair,
And Time hath not his garland worn away!

SONGS OF THREE LOVES.

I.

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

"IN airs of Thessaly my lord may sing,
I leave my lord, and choose the Prince of Hell;
Women are false, and love a bitter thing,
With Pluto then, Eurydice shall dwell.
And Cerberus that guardest me so well
Let not the minstrel cross the sacred ring—
In airs of Thessaly my lord may sing,
I leave my lord, and choose the Prince of Hell."

He tuned his harp, and Lo! the Furies wring
Their snaky locks, and weep beneath the spell;
But she, false maid, with eager feet did spring
Back from the throne, and desolate, he fell.
"In airs of Thessaly my lord may sing
I leave my lord, and choose the Prince of Hell."

II.

HERO AND LEANDER.

Under what stars did Leander stray
That love was blinded by their sight?
When sightless o'er the stormy bay
He sank into the wells of light.
Sweet Hero, in her tower at night
Weeping and white could only say
"Under what stars did Leander stray
That love was blinded by their sight?"

Still where the tides of Hellas sway
The dreamy shore by Dian's light,
The wind makes moan across the bay
Where Hero stood, in garments white;
Under what stars did Leander stray
That love was blinded by their sight?

III.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

In Capulet's tomb, two star-crossed lovers lie
Beneath the shadow of Verona's wall,
Who thwarted by the power of destiny
Found refuge in the charnel-house's thrall
Where "death's pale flag" made luminous the gloom
In Capulet's tomb.

In the still sweetness of Italian woods
Their loves are whispered by the dying leaves—
Their names are graven where affection broods
In sunless Summer. White as whitened sheaves
Their dust, and beautiful the gloom
In Capulet's tomb.

THE SUMMER GIRL.

THE Summer Girl is fair.
With a mass of fluffy hair
Round her brow;
I can see her as she stands
On the soft, and snowy sands,
Even now.

Her eyes have all the light
Of a radiant Summer night,
And the grace
Of a Summer morning glows
Like the glory of a rose
In her face.

She is perfectly content
That her Winter days are spent
At her home;
But when the bright sun shines
Then she passionately pines
For the foam.

She dresses all the while
Most superbly, in a style
Very late;

And she comes into the view
Like a figure from a new
Fashion plate.

A gorgeous parasol
Symmetrical and small
O'er her spread;
And she wears a sailor hat
Very frivolous, and flat,
On her head.

In a jaunty bathing suit
She is beautiful, and cute
As could be;
And she can row a boat
Or like a mermaid float
On the sea.

No bulky volume fraught
With science, or deep thought,
Her mind frets;
But she reads by day or night
The modern trashy, light
Novellettes.

Of wit she has a share,
But her life is swayed with rare
Common sense;
She is not devoid of guile
But she has a dashing style
That's immense.

She has suitors of the best
From the East and from the West,
North and South;
They gather at her feet,
Like the smiles around her sweet
Little mouth.

Although in playful fun,
She will ridicule each one
As she talks,
Yet they follow her around
And adore the very ground
Where she walks!

She has such a merry laugh
That the censure in her chaff
Don't offend,
For they know that in great need,
She would be a friend indeed
To a friend.

Oh! merry-hearted girl,
She is indeed a pearl
Of great price;
She has a perfect mind,
She is generous and kind
And so nice.

But alack! and well-a-day!
I can only sigh, and say,
Woe is me;
For really I must own
That my heart is with her flown
To the sea!

IN AN ALBUM.

MY name here you desire
And if the muse inspire,
Some verses you require
To be above it:
It is a pleasant task
To grant you what you ask
And in your favor bask
By virtue of it.

Ah me, it seems so long
Since, beautiful, and strong,
The golden light of song
Came stealing o'er me,
That I have lost the skill
To write a rhyme at will,
But if my heart beat still,
I'll write one for thee.

But if then I should write
A rhyme however slight
To fill you with delight
In some brief measure,
May you in after days
Beyond life's sunny Mays
Find that its memory stays
To give you pleasure

To you it may recall
A figure stern and tall,
And face whose smiles have all
Been lost completely;
It will recall to me
Light laughter sounding free,
Eyes that dance merrily
And smile most sweetly.

Fair falls the sunlight now
Upon your maiden brow
Grief came not yet to bow
Your head with weeping;
Time ever onward glides
Through scenes the future hides
But who knows what abides
Within its keeping?

What doth it keep for you?
Oh! tender heart, and true,
That grace which shall renew
Thy youth forever.
That bliss of long ago—
That peace the angels know—
To make thy life below
Unhappy never!

Whether in lands afar
Or here thy footsteps are,
May no ill-boding star
Its light cast on thee;
For thee no shadows rise,
But blue unclouded skies
Bright as thine own fair eyes
To smile upon thee!

Sweet songs and flowers of June
The mad and merry tune
Sung to the peerless moon
With mirth and laughter;
May fate for thee entwine
That touch of things divine,
And grace and peace be thine,
Here, and hereafter!

And in some distant day
When naught but memories stay,
And time has rolled away
The mists of ages—
Perchance a tear may start
As you these wan leaves part,
For I have left my heart
Between the pages!

On Receiving a Bunch of Violets.

(FEBRUARY 25TH, 1893.)

VIOLETS, dainty and sweet,
Filled with the faint ineffable perfume,
As when the woods of April are abloom,
Thrilled at the touch of Springtime's fairy feet.

Slender and tremulous spray
Breathing the odors of the dewy lawns,
Where the nights linger, and the sunny dawns
Wait wistfully until the break of day.

Frail bloom, untouched by frost,
No spirit of the snow could blight those few
And fragrant buds of God's eternal blue—
Those memories of a Paradise long lost:

You banish all the snow,
And all the thoughts of Winter glide away,
These frosty fields seem to be the fields of May,
And in the solitudes the wild flowers blow.

The birds sing in the trees,
The warm red roses of the June are bright,
The daisies deck the meadows all in white,
The poppies fling their banners to the breeze.

Ah! faint, and dewy flowers;
You bring the spirit of the Arden woods
Where young Orlando, in the solitudes
Dreamed of his Ganymede the livelong hours!

Or where Titania sleeps,
In the Athenian forests far away,
Where cunning sprites their elfish antics play,
And Helena for lost Lysander weeps!

Or where bold Robin Hood
Stole lightly through the dusky forest glades;
And where Maid Marian, loveliest of maids,
Waiting her love, in the wan twilight stood.

Above, the lustrous moon
Gleams with the iridescent light of yore
"The light that never was on sea, or shore,"
Rich with a rapture redolent of June!

Through the long days, so long!
The music of old memories subtly steals
Until the heart unmeasured pleasure feels,
And all the night has blossomed into song!

You bring enchanting dreams
Of Youth and Beauty, whispering soft and low,
Of vows that only watching nightwinds know
When through the trees, the tender moonlight
streams.

Into each life, some day,
The breath of Beauty enters; and the world
Seems with its magic mystery impearled,
A glory that can never die away!

Into my heart, the breath
Of these fair violets, has crept unseen,
To linger though the years should intervene
And blossom, rare and radiant till death.

And then, above the tomb,
Where lies the aching heart, ah! now at rest,
Perchance from out the dust above my breast
Will such a fair and fragrant flower bloom!

And, o'er the grass above,
If one would stoop, to bear a flower away,
My heart would start from out the cheerless clay,
And touch, with it, the dear lips that I love!

A Christmas Card.

I.

DEAR friend, this is the merry Christmas time,
No art have I to weave a raptured rhyme
Filling the frosty hours with sunny splendor,
Or made enchanting with a thought sublime.

II.

Only the echoes of the days gone by,
Memories of dreams too beautiful to die
Abide with me, but oh! so sweetly tender
I must perforce, lift up my voice and cry—

III.

A song for Christmas, with glad music bring
Words sweeter than did ever voices sing,
Songs that are born of melody and laughter
To brighten Winter with a smile of Spring.

IV.

Oh! faint and clear, and like a distant air
Low chanted by a monk at vesper prayer—
The music dies away, but ever after
It comes a guest, unseen, and unaware.

V.

And if with us some precious memory stays
Of mooulit-haunted nights, or merry days,
Sad sunsets of memorial Septembers
Rose-burdened Junes, or violet-laden Mays,

VI.

No twilght whitened by December snows
Can mar that memory, or from out the rose
Of sweet remembrance pluck the sacred embers
Of dreams that linger when the Summer goes.

VII.

Ah! in each heart some grief hath hiding place
And thinking of some loved and lost one's face
We feel again the touch of faded fingers
And eyes that shine with a diviner grace!

VIII.

But "Merry Christmas" rings across the earth,
The night has vanished, and the dawn gives birth
To this glad song, that thrills and throbs and lingers,
Until men tire of music and of mirth!

CHRISTMAS EVE.

'T IS Christmas Eve, and all the peopled earth
In every land or clime, a thought bestow
On Him who made it glorious; at whose birth
The stars sang many centuries ago.
Ah! sweet and low, we hear the echoes roll
Of that glad song, and in the East perceive
The star of hope that shines on every soul
On Christmas Eve.

'T is Christmas Eve; outside the chill wind sings
But bright the firelight flickers, and we dream
Of all the happiness to-morrow brings
And see dim pictures in the ruddy gleam;
Dear faces that have vanished long ago,
Lips, that of life and breath have taken leave,
Break into being from the firelight's glow
On Christmas Eve.

'T is Christmas Eve; from every steeple swells
The message "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men!"
Ring out your welcome tidings, Christmas bells,
And let the skies reverberate again:
To lift the souls bowed down with misery—
To glorify, and gladden those who grieve—
To heal the hopeless—this your mission be
On Christmas Eve.

'T is Christmas Eve; but many an outcast stands
Forlorn and shelterless upon the street;
The Summer left no roses in their hands
The Autumn laid no harvests at their feet.
Bid them rejoice, like others, if you can;
Banish their discontent—make them believe
Man hath no inhumanity for man,
On Christmas Eve.

On Christmas Eve, let every heart unite
In doing deeds of kindness. Let us aim
To fill homes, dark and desolate, with delight;
To win the hearts that cold and hunger claim.
Time garners all, and faithfully repays:
Who gives, in fourfold measure shall receive,
So shall all voices rise in hymns of praise
On Christmas Eve.

EASTER.

IT is the morn of Easter—from the towers
The bells send forth their music through the air,
And garlanded with springtime's sweetest flowers
God's temples are made fair.

We hear the sacred chant of song and psalter,
Through mullioned panes the golden sunlight streams,
And bright and beautiful upon the altar
The Easter lily gleams.

Not this the time for prayers penitential,
The Lenten ashes may be laid away;
But, after all, thoughts deep and reverential,
Are with each one to-day.

For through the glory, through the song and splendor,
Through all the gladness of the day appears
The vision of a face divinely tender,
And eyes all dim with tears.

Back through the centuries my thoughts are drifting
To where the pale Syrian stars look down
Upon that face, its brow to heaven lifting,
Beneath a thorny crown.

What wondrous mercy from the skies replenished,
That font of love for this great sacrifice,
And from the cross cried gladly, "It is finished!"
Ere death had closed the eyes.

In the gray morning when the Marys hastened
Across the field to where the Saviour lay,
An angel watched, whose face, by heaven chastened,
Was brighter than the day.

"Whom seek ye, Jesus? He is not here, but risen,
Look, here the tomb deserted, ye may see."
Ah! by that resurrection from the prison
Of death, men's souls are free.

Oh! love that tinges nature with its gladness,
Oh! face that gleams across the years afar,
We, looking through the dusk of sin and sadness,
Behold it like a star,

And follow, as the wise men in the story,
From the dim East, across the deserts lone,
Unto that humble stable, where the glory
Of God upon it shone.

Oh! in this time of Nature's resurrection,
When from the tomb of Winter bursts the Spring,
Send us a tribute of Thy great affection,
That we may ever sing.

The praises of Thy glory and Thy power,
While in this house of clay remains the breath;
And stand beside us in that happy hour
Which men misnameth Death!

THE TWO PATHS.

BROTHER, before us lies the narrow path
Leading through deserts, to the blessed land;
Here, too, doth lie the pathway wide, which hath
Sweet pleasures and fair flowers, on either hand;
Here on the threshold of our lives we stand.
Oh! let us walk where flowers eternal blow,
And share the glory of the aftermath.
Brother, shall we go?

Brother, the way is weary, and our feet
Are bruised, and bleeding with the thorns and stones
That line our pathway; ah! could we retreat
Beyond the songs of sorrow, and the tones
Of anguish, where some footsore pilgrim moans,
With hollow eyes, and bosom rent with woe,
Could we return to where the pathways meet,
Brother, would we go?

Oh! world, so full of pleasure and of pain,
Let me steal through your ways with listless eyes.
There is no comfort here, for joy is slain
In the blank dread that ever onward flies.

Happy the child, who never dreams what lies
In the dim future, where the Parcæ sow,
If we could turn to childhood's days again,
Brother, should we go?

Mourn not the Dead Sea fruit of vanished days,
Fear not, my brother, when the time shall come
That leads us forth from these dark, weary ways,
For though the heart with suffering, be dumb,
And eyes be wan with weeping, haply some
Sweet memory will bid me whisper low
(As one who, in a silent cloister prays)
Brother, shall we go?

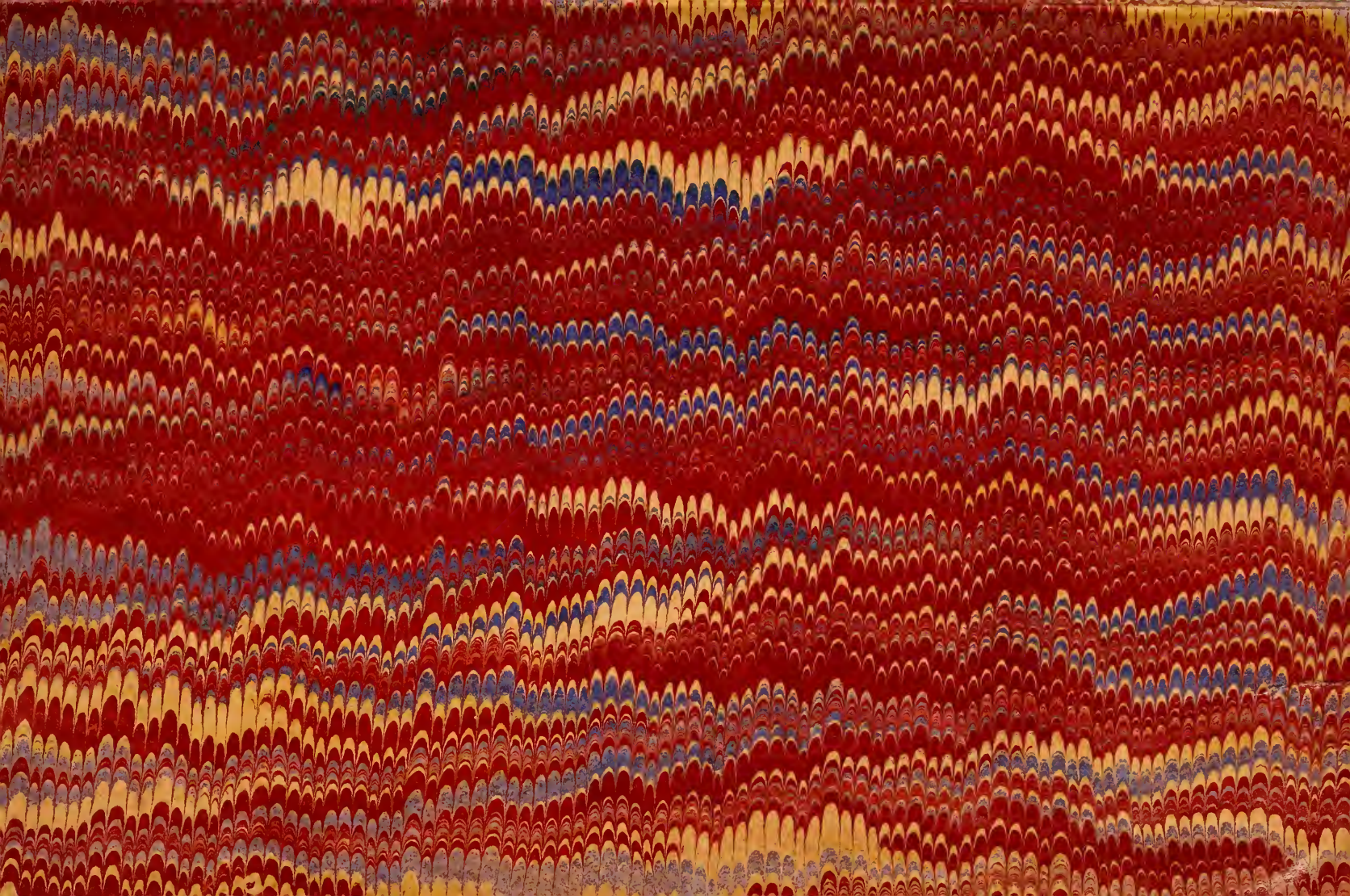
Lift up your hearts and in true gladness sing;
What though the years be fraught with misery;
They will plead for us, as an offering,
To show the depth of our adversity,
And we shall wander on, eternally,
When on our heads Time sifts its flakes of snow,
Through fragrant paths, where all is blossoming,
Brother, we shall go.

EPILOGUE.

MY tale is ended;
The day's pale star had led us cityward
Where many people lived but welcomed not;
They watched us with strange faces questioning,
We two singers who followed in the sunbeams.
Even now we lingered on the dim lone shore
Where the pale sunset, weeping golden tears
Which sparkled, ghostly, starlike, moaned and fled
To other seas, and other shores.

And there
As we stood rapt withal, and listening heard
The incantations of the Druid waves,
White-locked and aged, before all time began,
A bird of night, soft plumed and still,
Flew out, I know not where.

Like a lost star
He vanished, but vanishing he uttered song
So sweet that sphereless stars bent low to hear,
And every echo left its cave tenantless
To follow; as long ago in Doric fields
The seven-reeded minstrel piped, and lured
The listening echoes from their rushes.
—That night, although on pillows poppy-pressed
We lay, we slept not; for the sea birds' rune
Still sounded, though the haunted city slept,
But in the last dark hour forth we came,
And lo! a great white light lit up the east,
For westward came we, and we watching saw
The Arcadian meadows beautiful and sweet,
The lotuses and clover blooms all waned
And withered, mourning for their singer flown.
The locust dead, the lillies weeping low,
And all the sorrow of a dolorous land.
Even then, the light faded as the song died,
And he whose name is not yet written spake,
"The west is very fair," no answer came,
But in the gray dawn to the gray shore we went,
Heigho! the winds were weary of the wait,
Westward they blew, and westerly the ship—
So sang we.



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